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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. John Morley, ever since he wrote his Life of Cromwell, has become so much a finer exponent of statesmanship in proportion as he has given up the repetition of moral platitudes. His speeches to his constituents were in many ways admirable and as he was absent at the elections he had more excuse than his followers for going into the political manœuvres that preceded the war. But it is remarkable that he was so keen in involving the Government in a dilemma that he almost forgot his party duty of insisting that the war could have been avoided. He argued that if the war was not inevitable then the Government policy was condemned by the outbreak of war. If war was inevitable then the military preparations were culpably insufficient. But it was to the second horn of the dilemma that he trusted in his efforts to impale his opponents. The Government contained "imitation Bismarcks," men determined as Bismarck in 1870 to carry the war through; but, unlike Bismarck, unsupported by the certainty of calculated and machine-like success. If at this date any proof were needed that the Boer strength and the duration of the war had been underestimated, Mr. Morley might be congratulated on having made his point vigorously. His study of Cromwell has helped him to adopt with unexpected success the strange rôle of admirer of Bismarck.

Mr. Morley was less successful when he ceased attacking in order to outline the ideal policy. It is a grave miscalculation of the Boer patriotism or obstinacy to suppose that peace could have been made after the capture of Pretoria. There is reason to think that the Boers put their chief hope in the length of our lines of communication. It may be that some of them regarded Pretoria as a death trap. As to his constitutional point that the question of the degree of national armament was to be settled not by a war specialist nor the minister who consults him, but by the advice of these two filtered through the cabinet to the nation, it was beside the point at issue. The attitude of the Boers before the war made sudden action imperative; they meant to declare war when the difference between our armaments and theirs was at its greatest. Again, Mr. Morley's

denial of our right to protect the native against the Boer came badly from a Liberal statesman, and the criticism of Sir Alfred Milner's estimate of the Boer character was marked by a gratuitous acerbity and an unauthorised presumption of knowledge. Mr. Morley is too honest, Liberal and scholarly to appreciate without the help of even cursory acquaintanceship the shrewdness, narrowness and ignorance of the imitation Krugers.

In his second speech at Brechin Mr. Morley was less trenchant and touched on too many themes. He was almost enthusiastic over the value to the temperance cause of Lord Peel's report. He was admirably critical of the increase of the income-tax and unduly pessimistic about the national wealth. In putting the public right about Mr. Carnegie's bequest he quoted at length from a speech of the donor by way of emphasising the one mischievous fallacy which he supported in his former speech at Montrose. It is clear that he still clings to the old Liberal belief that a nation may find a foretaste of the judgment of posterity in the verdict of contemporary nations. On the grounds of this fanciful analogy Mr. Morley condemned the war. But it is rather the teaching of history that the judgment of rival nations is nearly always vitiated by a subconscious jealousy, the one attribute from which posterity should be entirely free. Besides, as a logician ought to see, the argument covers altogether too much ground. Does Mr. Morley hold that European criticism ought to be the pole-star of our national policy? And is he convinced of its unbiassed perspicuity when it conflicts, as in the case of the Spanish-American war, with Mr. Morley's own philosophy? Isolation may not be "splendid," but independence of judgment is the basis of political virtue.

In a speech delivered on Wednesday Mr. Brodrick expressed satisfaction that the working of the mines had been re-started in Johannesburg. In the light of the additional fact that a strike among the miners has been reported it may reasonably be granted that the arts of peace are indeed flourishing in the Transvaal. On the whole the political outlook in Africa is reassuring. In the absence of Mr. Merriman and Mr. Sauer the Dutch in Cape Colony are showing considerable good sense and loyalty in supporting the proposal to suspend the Constitution in the Cape. The increasing number of surrenders continues to show that the Boers are tiring of rebellion and though the rumours of peace negotiations no doubt emanated from those whose vocation it is to provide news, the desire for peace is growing stronger every week throughout South Africa.

Contrary to all precedent the expected has happened in South Africa. It was indicated at the end of last week that the Boers were being forced by stress of want to take up the offensive. Three important engagements have been fought. At Vlakfontein, the north-eastern place of that name, General Dixon's rear-guard was surprised by a large force of the enemy under Kemp, who approached under cover of a veldt fire. The fighting was at short ranges and very deadly. Temporarily two of our guns were taken, but when the main body came into action the enemy were driven back and their position occupied. In the course of the action the Derbyshires made one of the finest charges of the war. The casualties were very heavy. We lost 6 officers and 51 men killed and 6 officers and 115 men wounded. The Boers left behind 41 killed on the field. In the South Kruitzinger met with a serious success. Though he was closely followed he succeeded in overpowering the small garrison of Jamestown and capturing a considerable quantity of stores and ammunition. We may expect this to be the last of the successes in the Cape now General French has been appointed to the district. On Thursday Kitchener's Scouts under Colonel Wilson attacked a Boer transport and commando near Warmbaths and though their force only consisted of 240 men captured the whole convoy, and cut up the commando, killing 37 of the enemy and taking 100 prisoners.

The report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the organisation of the War Office is sufficiently drastic to please the most extreme reformer. It seeks to justify almost all the abusive epithets that have been used in late years by the enemies of red tape. Like our language and our constitution, but with very different results, the War Office has grown up piecemeal. It represents a machine patched and tinkered by many hands with many objects and without reference to a central principle, until its own accretions have prevented it working. Heads of departments have taken undue power into their control, the minute regulations have been so multiplied that individual responsibility has been negatived and larger considerations obscured. The press of unessential work has been further increased in the last year by the correspondence resulting from the 1,379 foolish questions asked in the House of Commons! In simple English, the War Office is in a sad muddle.

The task of the Committee was to be constructive as well as critical, and the most important part of the report is concerned with their definite recommendations. In the first place some decentralisation is essential to bring back businesslike methods into the War Office; and the proper co-ordination of the newly constituted departments is the second necessity. The business of the War Office is divided under five heads. Three groups are concerned with essentially military matters, such as questions of Imperial and Colonial Defence, the personnel of the army, and its matériel; and two groups of its duties are strictly civilian, that is questions of finance and secretariat or Parliamentary work. That the departments dealing with these five groups of duties may be severally subordinated to a central principle and duly regulated with reference to each other the Committee propose that a permanent Board should be appointed to supersede the War Office Council and Army Board.

The Secretary of State, or in his absence the Commander-in-Chief, is to be chairman of the new Board, which should contain both civil and military members. The Committee deal at length with the functions and scope of this Board, which is not to concern itself with minor matters of routine, and is generally to supervise and direct the management of the War Office. Its members are to bring before it any important question affecting their departments, it is to work with the help of committees appointed by itself, but not necessarily from its members, and it is to consider financial criticism along with every proposal. To the formation of this permanent Board, under the authority of the Secretary of State, the Committee look for the practical application

of their proposed reforms. The proposals of the Committee have already been criticised as not dealing directly with the efficiency of the army, but the objection hardly holds good in view of the fact that the prime object of the scheme is to give officers commanding districts enlarged powers and responsibility. Experience in initiative is the first necessity in the training of a successful officer.

The approaching departure of Count von Waldersee ought to mean the end of the Chinese difficulty; but after full allowance is made for facts concealed under diplomatic reticence it is quite certain that there are grave differences of opinion on the wisdom of the extent of the withdrawals. There are a host of thorny questions left unanswered. How is the indemnity, if settled, to be raised without disorganising trade? Are the Boxers now a negligible quantity? Are the Chinese convinced that the withdrawals are stimulated by kindness not weariness? And lastly who constitute the returning Court? It would seem on the face of things ridiculous to take trouble to make easy the return of the Court without a full knowledge and guarantee that the Court has at its head a responsible ruler. Yet at present it is a matter of faith and conjecture that China is governed by an Emperor and not rather by a Dowager Empress, still unrepentant of her prejudices and undenied of her abettors. Again is the son of Prince Tuan still Heir Apparent? One may well doubt, especially after M. Delcassé's speech, if the answers to these and other questions are known and may feel fears that the small number of troops left in Peking may seem to the Chinese authorities an argument of insufficient strength to make the prompt fulfilment of promises worth their while. The success with which Count von Waldersee has managed his difficult task it is not possible to estimate until the last of his personal difficulties is settled.

The news of the affray between English and French soldiers on the Taku road has been treated sensationaly. The telegrams have been slightly contradictory, but this much truth has been established: some English soldiers acting as police prevented a body of French from entering a house. The Frenchmen at once attacked the police with bricks and bayonets. In defence the Englishmen first fired a volley over the heads of the aggressors and, when this failed of its effect, into the ranks. Three Frenchmen were killed and several on both sides wounded. Some Germans and Japanese were engaged but what part was taken by them is not yet clear. That the matter will be satisfactorily settled by Count von Waldersee, who has stayed behind for the purpose, we need not doubt; nor from the association of the troops of different European nations need we fear serious consequences. If the occasions of war are still small, the causes have ceased to be. It is nevertheless eminently regrettable on the score of European prestige that such unworthy squabbles should occur: their import is sure to be exaggerated by the Chinese in dealing with whom every loss of moral force will demand the increase of physical pressure.

The speech of the Vice-President to the Chilian Congress on 1 June forms agreeable reading to those who wish well to the development of South America on sound lines. His statement that the relations between Argentina and Chile are satisfactory has the merit of being true in the practical as well as the official sense of the word. The boundary question between the two countries is in course of being settled by arbitration. A new minister has recently been appointed to Peru with a view of settling the outstanding disputes with that country. On these points all Chilians are agreed and no change of policy need be apprehended as the result of the pending elections. The Vice-President may be believed when he states that the deficit of £6,000,000 need alarm no one. During the last three years a large sum has been set aside yearly to enable the Government to exchange the paper currency for gold at the rate of 1s. 6d. per dollar. This fund being now completed, the decree will come into operation on 1 January, 1902.

The deficit will therefore soon be made up and the sum in question set free after that date.

The Bill submitted to the French Chambers on the question of the laying down of fresh cables has a special interest from the complete confession of policy contained in the speeches of the Minister of Commerce and Minister of Finance. They wish to break the English monopoly and the wish is natural in view of the completeness of English control of the African cables. The work of making new cables is still to be entrusted, under the patronage of Government, to the French Cable Company. Considering the expressed motives of the expenditure it is curious that the laying of a new Atlantic cable, subsidiary to the Brest and New York cable, is the principal object of the new Bill though the opportunity was taken to advertise the progress of the cable between China and the French Indo-Chinese colonies, and vague promises were held out of telegraphic communication between Oran and Tangiers. At present the great difference between English and French cables is the same as the difference between the colonies of the two nations. Those controlled by England pay, those controlled by France do not. The finances of the Cable Company are now to be assisted from the taxes, a proposal which indicates the important concession that cables like colonial railways are political necessities not social luxuries.

The birth of a daughter to the King and Queen of Italy has been the occasion for great rejoicings; but the event except in so far as it has helped to stimulate the sense of loyalty is not of great political importance. It has nevertheless served as occasion for a good deal of discussion on the position of Italy and of the reigning house. There are signs of an increase of friendliness between France and Italy; but "une espèce d'Italien" is still the recognised term of abuse among Paris cabmen and the political friendliness is not greatly marked nor, perhaps, likely in the near future to alter the balance of European politics or even to give cause for national jealousy. It may be that Italy does not as a whole look up to the throne with its old enthusiasm, that the Socialist movement is growing stronger, that the expenses of armament made necessary by Italy's position among the nations grow burdensome; but Italy is not likely yet to retire from her dignity nor is the throne in danger of losing its stability. If in the fulness of time a brother is born to the little Princess Yolanda Margherita, he may look forward with confidence to inheriting a full meed of loyal support from an Italy, as kingdoms are reckoned, constitutionally permanent.

The real meeting ground of the English and American peoples was very properly much in evidence at the American Embassy on Tuesday; so much so that, though given in honour of a Commercial Body, Mr. Choate's reception seemed rather a legal than a commercial gathering, an appearance not unassisted by the presence of Maitre Labori. Both literally and technically there is common law on either side of the Atlantic, and it is not strange that where the best, not to say the strongest, elements in American life are to the front, English Bar and Bench should gather too. Such gatherings are something more than socially pleasant, indeed, it may be heresy to say they are socially pleasant at all, seeing that no ladies were present. What is America without its women?

The Bench and Bar of England greeted at the Hardwicke Society dinner one of the most remarkable advocates of the day. The safety of the constitution and of the community depends upon the right of the advocate to urge his cause, untrammelled by prejudice, free of all interference, and that is why the judges and advocates of Great Britain were glad to recognise in so signal a manner the notable French advocate, and to honour through him the French Bar. The merits of the cause célèbre were not once referred to during the evening so that no single opportunity was afforded to rabid Anglophobes of misinterpreting a demonstration towards Labori, though they will no doubt exploit the

banquet in their own interests, and declare that "La perfide Albion" has given a further proof of arrogant ill-will towards a friendly nation. The French Bar is as jealous of its rights and prerogatives as is our own, and this was well illustrated by Maitre Labori in the tribute which he paid to Maitre Poyer, the Bâtonnier of the order and his adversary at Rennes. Counsel for the prisoner had been refused the right to cross-examine a witness for the prosecution, and it was Maitre Poyer who remonstrated with the Court and pleaded that Labori should be heard. Even the heated atmosphere of the Court at Rennes could not affect the relations between brother barristers, and thus we are afforded an object-lesson of the solidarity which exists among members of the Bar.

The dinner given by the London Chamber of Commerce to the New York Chamber on Wednesday was a rich unctuous feast of oratorical fat things. What accomplished professors of the polite art of mendacity England and America can furnish to the festive board when commerce is toasted and its beneficent effects in creating ardent and undying affection between the two nations is the subject! Facts and economics were never more completely banished to Saturn than by the speakers. Cobden and Bright could not have babbled more artlessly of the pacific mission of commerce, and all the experience of half a century that commercial expansion and competition is more likely to give us the sword than peace was utterly ignored. Lord Avebury could say in presence of Mr. Pierpont Morgan that commerce was never militant and bound people together "in links of gold." Why will grave and reverend signors even after dinner thus gloss over the stern facts of our modern life and revel in insincerities? American cut-throat competition is one of these facts and the gentlemen who dined the New York Chamber of Commerce know it and quake at it. Were they whistling to keep their courage up?

The Naval Service will naturally feel proud that the gold medal for the best Military Prize Essay has been carried off by an officer of the Marines. Captain Rose is to be congratulated on having written a very able and well thought-out paper on the "Lessons to be derived from the Expedition to South Africa in regard to the best organisation of the Land Forces of the Crown." Captain Rose gives his reasons for preferring the voluntary system, but warns the nation that it must be prepared to accept the inevitable and pay very much more for its army. For the purpose of analysis he divides the war into three phases, sketches in his facts, and thence deduces the lessons to be learnt from each of the three periods. He next states the objects for which the army is required, and calculates his numbers accordingly. His figures may be briefly summarised:—

Abroad in peace	... 150,000	Provided by Regular
Ever-ready Division	... 10,000	Troops ... 300,000
Garrisons of Home		Reserves under 12 years' service ... 100,000
Fortresses	... 40,000	Royal Reserves over 12 years' service ... 25,000
First Expeditionary Force	100,000	Reliable Militia ... 125,000
Reserve Expeditionary Force	... 100,000	Yeatman ... 25,000
Royal Reserve Expeditionary Force	... 100,000	Volunteer Field Artillery (efficient) ... 25,000
Residue at Home	... 200,000	Other Volunteers ... 200,000
Total for United Kingdom	... 700,000	Total ... 800,000
Giving 100,000 spare for contingencies.		

The scheme of organisation is then dealt with, but as the scope of the essay was strictly limited, the consideration of two vital points, the financial side of the question and the supply of the personnel, were necessarily omitted.

We are told that the Derby is losing the popularity which began to grow so great in the first year of Queen Victoria's reign that as many as eight trains were run to Kingston! But neither, on the road or railway nor on the course was there sign on Wednesday last that the race is losing at all its classical pre-eminence.

There are other races in which the stakes are much bigger: the English Derby for instance cannot in this reference compete with the French; but fortunately the love of sport does not yet depend solely on the value of the prizes. The Derby remains the Derby, marked with the same old prestige and picturesque with the same jumble of social contrasts. Apart from the scene at Epsom sportsmen all over England, who care nothing for horse-racing and scarcely know the name of a horse, still consider it a sacred duty to know the Derby winner. Though no royal person was present and the absence of the military drags was conspicuous, this year's Derby was conspicuously brilliant. There was no strong favourite and many likely outsiders; but in the end after a great race with the Duke of Portland's William the Third the Derby was won by the most favoured, Mr. Whitney's Volodyovski, ridden, as too many winners of late years, by an American jockey.

It may seem a curious coincidence that the American yacht should break down about the same time and in the same manner as "Shamrock II.;" but the cause is a common one. Following a fashion not yet fully tested yacht designers have put their faith in the hollow steel mast into which the topmast is telescoped. As soon as any rigging gives way, the side pressure exerted by the topmast is more than the toughest steel can withstand. Consequently the mast buckles; and it must be remembered an exactly similar accident happened two years ago to the "Columbia." It is not likely that this inherent flaw will cause the steel mast to be rejected but in the view of many good judges there will have to be a thorough revolution in the theory of rigging before racing yachts of the latest type will be moderately trustworthy in a stiff breeze. Under present conditions there would be a chance for an inferior but trustworthy yacht to win the cup by default of the other competitor.

Except among present members of Christ Church there will be a good deal of surprise at the appointment of Mr. Strong to the Deanery. Dean Liddell and Dean Paget, to go no further back, were big men, each with a marked personality of his own and a wide reputation. Mr. Strong has perhaps had wider repute as an organist than in any other capacity; and in himself he was scarcely known to the Christ Church men of a few years ago, except as a determined enemy of every form of athletics. His personal influence in Christ Church dates from his appointment as censor some few years ago. He has done good work in that rather difficult and laborious position and those who have been entertained by him at "eights' dinners" know how completely his views of the athletic undergraduate have changed. In Oxford and especially in Christ Church the appointment will be popular, and the many Christ Church men who knew Mr. Strong while they were preparing to take Orders will almost without exception welcome the new Dean.

Markets on the Stock Exchange have been inactive all round during the week. On Monday there was a distinct revival in American rails, Atchisons in particular being bought up to 91 $\frac{1}{4}$ upon rumours that the Pennsylvania Company was buying the control. A few days later it transpired that one of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's partners had joined the board of the Atchison Railway. June is always a month of excitement and fluctuation in the Yankee market, as there are rival crop rumours and speculations about dividends. It is said that the United States Steel Trust will pay a dividend of 5 per cent. on the ordinary stock, which now stands at 52 $\frac{1}{2}$. The Kaffir market was lifeless and despondent until yesterday, when the news of Colonel Wilson's capture of Beyers' convoy cheered it up. There seems to be no business in West African shares, except Wassaus, which are firm in the neighbourhood of 8. Le Rois are unaffected by Whitaker Wright complications and have risen to over 9. In the Home Railway market the sensation has been the purchase of half the ordinary stock in the District Railway by Mr. Yerkes, and the proposed electrification of the line. Consols closed at 93 $\frac{1}{2}$.

THE REST OF THE SESSION.

THE first session of Parliament in the new reign has now reached, with the conclusion of the Whitsuntide recess, the third stage into which Parliamentary work, or at least the portion of it concerned with legislation, groups itself. In the ordinary course of things we should now be confronted with the committee stage of a number of Bills which had passed their second reading between the assembling of Parliament at the beginning of the year and the recess. They would have figured in the King's Speech as a programme intended at some time or other to be carried out by ministers as far as possible in that session, and at all events ultimately to be passed in pursuance of promises to their supporters, or exhibited to the country in triumphant demonstration of the superiority of the Ministry over the Opposition. Events during the last twelve months, however, have been by no means in the ordinary course. The war in South Africa has continued hanging over us, and with its possible termination at any moment a class of questions which would inevitably exclude all others and be clamant for immediate consideration and settlement was always looming in the near distance. Nor could the interval be utilised for domestic legislation, because as consequences of the war a legion of questions had been raised connected with Army reform, the War Office, the conduct of the war itself, which occupied, and had been foreseen as bound to occupy, the time and attention which might otherwise be allotted to legislation. To these abnormal causes must be added the death and funeral of Queen Victoria and the accession of the new Sovereign with all its multitudinous interference of unusual demands on the Government. It has thus happened that neither friends nor foes of the Government have made any grievance of the barrenness of legislative proposals and achievement, though those who have been opposed to the war have used it as an additional missile to throw at the head of the Government on this count. The King's Speech announced little prospective legislation and no one was surprised at that fact; and in the circumstances it is neither an occasion for reproach nor for taunts and sneers that on reassembling after Whitsuntide the only new legislation which is before the House, except financial and administrative Bills, is the Education Bill and the Factory and Workshops Bills which have yet to pass their second reading. With such paucity of material it might seem that even with Bills so belated and however controversial they might be, there would be less than the usual hindrance in getting them passed. For the rest of the session it is clear that Ministers will not need to take into account the probability of the terms of the South African settlement being upon their hands with the fierce hostility and obstruction of which they will be the occasion when the time comes for debating them. As to the votes of censure or less regular forms of raising debate on the war we have now abundant experience that nothing of any consequence will happen. The case might have been different if Mr. John Morley could have inspired the Opposition with the ideas, the consistency and the implacability of thought and sentiment which animated his speeches in the Montrose Burghs. But we know the Opposition too well now to imagine that, for at any rate this session, their refurbishing of old and ineffective debating points will do anyone but themselves the slightest harm, or even cause any considerable amount of inconvenience.

What is the inference to be drawn from this statement of the situation? Just this that if the Government has sufficient courage, it has the opportunity of dealing with the question of education in such a way as to redeem the credit it lost from its withdrawal of the Education Bill of 1896. It then proposed to place both secondary and elementary education under the same authority which it now proposes for secondary and technical education alone. This was not the proposal over which the Bill of 1896 came to grief. That Bill was wrecked by the insouciance of Mr. Balfour, who allowed Sir Albert Rollit to eviscerate a great educational reform by passing an amendment excepting from

the jurisdiction of the county authority every borough with a population of 20,000 or more. It was not the proposals as to provision for denominational teaching in Board Schools that upset the Bill of '96, as is often said by interested persons for interested purposes. Since then dissatisfaction has increased with the School Boards as educational authorities either because they do their work badly and wastefully, or because they are ambitious of doing more than attend to their proper duty of administering the Elementary Education Acts. The best educational opinion of the country has settled that secondary and elementary education ought to be administered by one body. The alternative is the County Councils or the School Boards. In their present Bill the Government have chosen the only possible alternative and thus aroused all the potency of School Board opposition that can be raised against it. They would not increase it one jot by re-introducing those provisions of the 1896 Bill which had for their object the replacement of Board Schools in rural districts where they had failed : the establishment of a common authority for primary and secondary schools so that the two systems might be closely co-ordinated and worked together : and the decentralisation of the educational system so as to relieve the Education Department of a mass of detail under which it was breaking down. If that is not done there will be no end to the bitter and wasteful struggle which will still go on between the School Boards and the secondary education authorities. If the Government has eliminated this class of proposal in the expectation of getting some sort of a Bill more easily passed, it seems to us they are mistaking the position. Their enemies are like the Boers ; and they will be as implacable because the Bill does not give them the one essential thing for which they hold out—the control of all education by the School Boards. If the Government can pass this Bill it could pass a Bill on the lines indicated : and if it is to be defeated it might as well for its own credit's sake be defeated in attempting to do something more like what was expected and hoped from its anticipated educational schemes than is this present Bill. Missing the opportunity of this session will mean that a satisfactory education measure will be indefinitely postponed. Next session it will be impossible as, apart from what may happen in regard to South Africa, the Housing and the Water Bills will be due. But we know nothing likely to be more disastrous than the mere creation of a system which will be alike unsatisfactory to both the educational camps. These considerations appear to us to have greater weight than the excuses of the Duke of Devonshire at Staveley for proceeding cautiously and not attempting in a fully occupied session to introduce a complete measure which would give rise to an enormous amount of controversy. The Government is still frightened at the experience of 1896.

The Factory Bills important though they are ought not to make any extraordinary demands on the time of the House. As to the amending Bill it has been altered to meet many of the objections raised against it in 1900, and the consolidating Bill will occupy chiefly the Standing Committee on Trade. Most of the objections that will be taken relate to the exemptions from the identical application of the Factories and Workshops Act to laundries which may be made by order of the Home Secretary : and to the tendency to transfer the inspection of out-workers from the factory inspectors to those of the local authorities. These objections are well founded and we especially agree with them in the case of laundries ; but their consideration is not likely to take up an inordinate amount of time. A far greater demand on the time of Parliament, to say nothing of more serious consequences, will be made if the Government allows itself to be led into embarking on that "twenty years of strong government" for Ireland in the sense in which those words are understood by an anonymous writer in a monthly review whose opinions are hailed by the "Times" as if they were the product of an inspired statesmanship. The proceedings of Irishmen both in Ireland itself and in Parliament afford plenty of reason for the gravest disapprobation from the most charitable English point of view :

but nothing is happening in Ireland at present to justify the pretence that more repressive measures are required. Coercion is for crime and not for the extinction of Irish political and social movements which excite the hatred of a certain class of Englishmen. Strong government in their sense means only refusal to admit grievances, and to repress all manifestations of discontent ; in other words ignorance, want of sympathy, and brutality. We have had far stronger government in Ireland during the last few years because the English Government has been animated by a juster feeling and greater desire to appreciate the facts, and has not been diverted from its proper objects, either by views of party advantage, or by disappointment when the irreconcilables refused to be conciliated. It would be a fatal mistake to go back on the work of these years on the fantastic ground that the absence of coercion in Ireland is one of the important causes of Unionist discontent.

AMERICAN COMPETITION.

WE trust that our very welcome guests, the delegates of the New York Chamber of Commerce, have found their visit to England pleasant. Whether it can prove good for them as well, we doubt. Certainly, if they can take back to their country anything like a modest estimate of their own importance, they must be possessed of such humility as the Old World has not yet developed in any of its nations. They would be great, indeed they would be immense, but they would not be human. For the representative of American commerce over here finds himself the object of European alarm, English adulation, and universal envy. He can but feel himself supremely important, and his importance is not the less genuine for being absolutely self-made. One can take an interest in these American representatives which the summer flight from trans-Atlantic shores does not usually or easily excite. There is nothing ennobling in the sight of an American "doing" Westminster Abbey or edifying in his criticism of the tenth picture gallery he has traversed in one day. But get him on trade, and it is impossible not to feel, we can hardly say veneration, but certainly respect, blent with something even of awe. One looks with keen curiosity on the American trader to see what manner of man he is that could produce an economic result that has shocked and made to grumble the whole civilised world. You feel, too, that there you have the Great Republic pure and simple ; that is its reality ; that is what it cares about ; there it is itself. Dismiss culture and tone, freedom, equality and all such figments, and get down to a hard cash transaction and you see the American at his best. There in fact he becomes very great ; and it is absolutely absurd to take him in any other way. The production of wealth is the one thing to which the American people has really given its mind, and, circumstances being at the same time entirely favourable, it has succeeded to its own huge admiration and the world's absolute dismay. No other nation has succeeded to the same extent in the same time, but no other nation has so entirely given itself over to the making of wealth as the whole duty of a people. Never has there been a people in which the discrepancy between their performance as traders and their achievements in every other capacity has been so great. In that respect the United States are a portent. They have grown in a manner quite peculiar to themselves. To the ancients, it would have seemed a monstrous growth, to the Greeks hideous, to the Romans ignoble. For you have in America the strange phenomenon of the best minds and the best characters systematically over a long period renouncing what the world had always regarded as the higher things ; State affairs, arms, art and "contemplation" (*θεωρία*) and passionately pursuing the things men had hitherto looked on as necessities which most were not so fortunate as to be able to avoid, but which all would escape from if they had the opportunity ; necessities not in themselves degrading yet obstacles to the highest or at any rate the pleasantest things. That has not been the American view : their philosophy of life reverses the old order. Whether as

a philosophy of life, as national polity, as the training of individual character, their order is sound and will bear the test of time is one of the most interesting, as one of the most momentous, questions the world has yet to see answered. It would be worth while living to see it, even at the cost of Tithonus' burden. The question cannot be answered now. The immediate result, however, is very obvious. In the department to which the Americans have chosen to consecrate themselves, they are ousting everyone else. That is the plain truth and the Continent is beginning to see it. So does everybody here see it, but because the Americans are what the Briton calls "Anglo-Saxons," he thinks he must not whisper of their hurting him and so lets loose all his volatility in scolding on the Germans, who in comparison are hardly damaging him at all.

This is, of course, a purely business transaction. It is as childish to blame or be angry with the Americans for injuring us in trade as it is futile to pretend that they do not. The only sane thing to do is to acknowledge the fact and resist them as well as we can. At present we do neither. We arrange our fiscal system entirely in the Americans' interest, who very wisely make the utmost of our amiability and deftly conceal their contempt for it under a cloud of sentimental friendship, which does not open our eyes while unveiled contempt would. But the fiscal matter is far from everything. We have not taken trade scientifically as have the Americans, and we do not throw into it the same energy and concentration. In a sense we do not take it seriously. We have left out of account the novel elements which America, the new portent in the world's economy, has introduced into trade. We forget or tend to forget or at any rate did forget that the Americans, as a people of extremes, have enormously raised the pressure at which the machinery of trade works. It may be a bad tendency, this pushing things to extremes, we should say it was very bad, but it must be taken account of. Inevitably, it is difficult for us to compete with the Americans; they have great natural advantages and in many ways they have had the pull of a clean slate. It is difficult for a country which does not, and we trust never will, concentrate its whole energies on trade to compete as traders with one that allows none of its energy to go to anything else. These are temporary difficulties. One day the United States will find itself simply unable to neglect everything but trade, or if it does, it will cease to be a Great Power, though doubtless it will always remain the "Great Republic." But in the meantime, the full force of the present American commercial concentration falls on us. What we have to do is by harder work, more scientific method, fiscal readjustment and imperial consolidation, to prevent the Americans getting so far ahead of us that we shall be unable to make up lost ground, when their present artificially obtained advantage has brought on them its inevitable nemesis. The severity of American competition, when its cause is intelligently appreciated, gives no ground for panic, but much for thought. We want to take it quietly with a very clear head.

THE MEANING OF IMPERIALISM.

IF you are going to have war and peace—the launching of a war and the settlement of the terms of peace dependent upon an electorate who are not to be made personally, palpably and intelligibly responsible, and upon colonists who moreover contribute nothing to the cost of the war, I think," said Mr. Morley recently in the House of Commons, "that all will agree with me . . . that no Empire has ever been in a more dangerous condition than ours." In other words the present connexion between the Mother Country and the self-governing colonies involves a two-fold violation of the principle professed by Englishmen ever since Parliamentary government was assured—the principle that representation and taxation must never be separated. By asking the colonies to send troops to South Africa we should in effect be taxing them, although they had no representatives in the English Parliament; and by consulting them on the terms of the settlement we are giving them representation, when Parliament neither claims nor possesses the right

to tax them. Nor is this the end of it. If England is going to be "Militant Imperialist, Free Trade goes," Mr. John Morley continues. The extension of territory "must be supported by conscription, and by a Customs' Union thrown in, which will lose us our best markets for the sake of the worst." As a fact, of course, the foreigner is not a better customer than the colonist, but we entirely agree with Mr. Morley that fiscal solidarity is as necessary for the maintenance of the Empire as administrative union in military affairs.

Fas est et ab hoste doceri. Clearly, the present position cannot continue. It is not right that the people of these islands should be charged with the cost of a fleet and an army which must suffice to protect the English and their lands all the world over, nor is it right that 10,000,000 English beyond the seas should be deprived of any voice in the decision of issues which may bring a hostile fleet to their shores, or a hostile army to their frontiers. From the fiscal point of view the disadvantages are more immediate. There is no common Imperial denominator in the fiscal policies of the colonies in their relation to each other and to Great Britain respectively, with the result that we are allowing our commercial forces to be attacked piece by piece by the whole concentrated power of each of our rivals at one time. We are inviting them to crush us by the application of Napoleonic strategy to commerce. Why is it that in any comparison of the volume of English trade with that of other nations, the trade of the United Kingdom is alone taken to represent the trade of the English people? Why is it that we cannot place the vast sea-borne commerce of India, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and the South African colonies side by side with that of the United Kingdom, when English trade is compared with American or German? We cannot do so for the simple reason that the States composing the American Union or the German Empire have a common fiscal authority, while the British Empire has not. That is really the moral to be extracted from an article on British pessimism by Mr. Andrew Carnegie in the "Nineteenth Century," it is a moral which he is not concerned to point, but it is inherent in his statements. There would be little cause for pessimism if the British Empire were organised on business and common-sense lines. In the industrial warfare, which is waged not in periods but without cessation, the United Kingdom is opposed not merely to the foreigner but to its own colonies.

In seeking a remedy we must obviously proceed upon the line of the most practicable. The analogy of the United States and Germany, and even that of the composite kingdoms of Austria-Hungary and Norway and Sweden do not help us much. The creation of a Federal Parliament composed of representatives from the self-governing colonies and the United Kingdom, although at first sight the proper device, must be rejected. It would involve the creation of local Parliaments in the several components of the United Kingdom, and the destruction of the Lords and Commons. The English people would not tolerate a proposal which would annihilate an institution that has earned by an unbroken existence through so many centuries the title of the Mother of Parliaments. Failing the creation of a Federal Chamber, it remains to make our present Parliament serve the uses of the Empire; that is, to admit representatives from the colonies into the House of Lords and the House of Commons. The creation of colonial peers is a comparatively simple matter. Statesmen of eminence admitted to the rank of Privy Councillors, Chief Justices, Metropolitans of Colonial Churches, squatters, planters, and merchants would provide admirable and perhaps sufficient material. But in order to give an effective representation the number of colonial members admitted to the House of Commons must be proportionate to the populations of the several colonies. Before they took their seats the various local legislatures, by Acts passed simultaneously in the Imperial Parliament and in the colonies, would undertake to provide a certain proportion of the colonial revenues for purposes of common concern to the Empire, and would empower the colonial members to bind the fiscal policy of their colonies so far as external trade—external to the

Empire, that is—was concerned. If their powers were less than these their presence would be a farce. It goes without saying that our fiscal policy must be modified as well as theirs. And why not? Loose thinkers are pleased to talk of free-trading England, but England has never yet had a free-trade tariff, and never will. What is called "free-trade" is simply the fiscal policy which was found to be suited best to the economic conditions of the United Kingdom during the period 1850–1880. With the growth of American and German industries on the one hand, and the expansion of colonial trade on the other, new conditions have arisen which require this policy to be modified profoundly at the present time.

The presence of 150 colonial representatives in the House of Commons would of course involve anomalies. They would have power to vote on matters which concerned the United Kingdom exclusively, while the English members would obviously have no corresponding power to influence the local concerns of the colonies, which would be exclusively entrusted to the colonial legislatures. But anomaly is incident to every political system that works well and we believe that in practice little inconvenience would result. The good sense of the colonial representatives would tend to prevent them from taking part in the decision of questions, such as Church matters, in respect of which the conditions of England are historically different from those of the colonies. A lesser anomaly would be the circumstance that the colonial members would probably receive payment for their services by way of an allowance for the extra expense of a residence in England, or otherwise. Provided that the salary were not sufficient to tempt a man to make politics a profession, such an arrangement would have a beneficial effect; since it would make it possible for men of moderate means, who were also men of ability and experience, to represent their respective colonies in the House of Commons, and prevent the area of selection from being confined to the very rich. On the whole we are inclined to think that the presence of these colonial members would make the debates of the House of Commons less provincial in tone, and help it to regain the respect of the nation. Nor would their influence end in the House of Commons. Colonial statesmen would not sit very long in the English Parliament without qualifying for office: and the Ministries of which they formed part would gain originality and vigour from their presence.

We cannot put the new wine of a United Empire into the old bottles of our insular system. To "Mafick" and sing jingo songs in music halls is not enough by itself to make the Empire a living whole. The English in England and the English beyond the seas must act as one people alike in military and economic conflict against the foreigner.

OUR DUTY TOWARDS FLOWERS.

WHO are the members of the Essex Technical Instruction Committee for Field Studies in Natural History? It would be interesting to have their names recorded, if not—as Elia might have put it—to feel their bumps. These persons recently put their heads together most solemnly and worked out a plan for fostering in the young folk of England an interest in flowers. Essex not being large enough for their ambitions, or rich enough in rarities, they hit upon the plan of fitting out an expedition to the New Forest, where for ten days the young raiders would devote themselves to collecting, drying and identifying plants, more especially the scarce and vanishing ones, and to securing duplicates of each "for fascicle purposes"—whatever that may mean. In order that success might be ensured the party was to be put under the guidance of local experts who would know the way to the exact spots where the rarest plants could be obtained. Even those who do not like the plan must admit it to be thorough. If rarities are to be picked and pressed in anything like quantity by young people, who only just know a daisy from a dandelion, it is certainly well to secure the services of guides who know the ground well. There are "floras" of the

forest, it is true, and various publications which give the names of the scarce and choice flowers and ferns that grow in the district; but their authors have grown wary, as well they may, and now usually do no more than refer with studied vagueness to the spots in which the "best things" still exist. Besides there are bogs here and there about the likeliest ground for rarities—does not the summer lady's tresses yet hold its own in certain mossy bogs not so very far from the road between Lyndhurst and Christchurch?—and if pupil and teacher, the blind leading the blind, suddenly found themselves plump in one of these, they might wish they had been content with the common wayside flowers of Essex. If we thought there was still a chance of this particular programme being carried out, we fear we should be uncharitable enough to long to hear presently that the Essex Technical Instruction Committee, on the first day of its arrival, and before the discovery of a single rarity, had been found stuck fast in, say, Longslade, with which the amateur sportsman and his horse, it is said, have occasionally struck up a sudden acquaintance. Happily Professor Miall has discovered the preparations for the unholy raid, and made them public property; so the committee is balked of its prey. Lovers of the New Forest and its priceless treasures of wild life may still wander in supreme content among the oaks and giant beeches of Knightwood or Mark Ash and see on the ridge near by the gladiolus reddening in June days; or later in the year feast their eyes on the deep blue of the Calathian violet, where happily it yet decks some lawny spots by Wootton, as it did in the days when Wise wrote his tender and beautiful book on this most fascinating land.

The immediate danger then is over, but it is clear that they who have at heart the interests of the Forest, and of other places easy of access and rich in fine plants, must keep an eye on the new movement for the encouragement of the study of natural history: otherwise fresh conspiracies of the Philistines may take shape and form swiftly, and some district or other be cleared of its rare flowers by a well-equipped horde of predators. We have a shrewd notion there are other Technical Instruction Committeemen besides those of Essex longing to show their enterprise. It is earnestly to be hoped that owners of private property will not give these people the run of their woods and fields without guarantees of good behaviour in regard to the flowers, birds and butterflies.

The scheme of this committee does not of course necessarily raise the whole question of the protection of the flowers of England. It is so obvious that the Essex scheme is wholly the result of ignorance or impudence or both that it will be condemned at once by every intelligent person, without consideration of the large and important question of how far we are justified, or of whether we are justified at all, in picking wild flowers and catching butterflies, moths and other insects of which collections are commonly made. Birds need not be considered in this respect, since they are already—though not in every case as effectually as one might desire—protected by law; so they are on quite a different footing. Though this question therefore is not of necessity raised by the disclosure of the plot of the Essex Committee, it is so interesting, and it is gaining so much more attention from many people each year, that we are tempted to touch the fringe of it here. The "Times," which has referred to the matter during the week, quotes the case of Switzerland, where flowers are actually protected by law. But there is no chance of our own legislature following the example of the Swiss in this matter. Nor, as matters stand at present, do we think there is the pressing need for Acts of Parliament for the protection of flowers that there was for the protection of many species of birds some years ago. It is true there are glaring instances now and again of the wholesale destruction of scarce and beautiful plants in certain districts reached easily from populous cities: never again perhaps shall we see Osmunda, the King of the British ferns as Athyrium is the Queen, flourishing in the wilds of the Surrey hills: there was a case of monstrous vandalism. Yet we cannot legislate on the strength of a certain number of cases of this kind. What is practicable at the present time is not law

but an enlightening of the mind of the people on the subject. They should be brought to understand that to pick flowers and dig up and carry away into captivity roots to such an extent as gravely to endanger the existence of any scarce or beautiful species, indeed any species at all, in any particular district is—we use the words without the least sense of exaggeration—disgraceful. The press can do not a little to enlighten opinion, and we admit that many of the newspapers, especially by opening their columns to correspondence in the matter, are aiding in the good cause. Such bodies as these Technical Instruction Committees can really be of great service, though, alas, before they can enlighten they themselves must be enlightened.

We do not wish to cause any reaction by going to extreme lengths and representing as a reprobate any child or grown-up person who makes a bouquet of wild flowers, who digs up a few primrose roots, who searches for and plucks some specimen of even a scarce and curious flower. We sympathise not at all with Elsley who would not go after the globe flower his wife asked for, making excuse, the churl that he was, that it was enjoying itself and did not want to be plucked; and think Major Campbell, who in the angry impulse of the moment leapt down the rock and got the flower for the irritable genius' wife, quite a fine fellow if indiscreet. We do not think the gallant knight of old merited in the least the death he came by when, in gathering the myosotis for his lady, he tumbled into the water, exclaiming as he disappeared from sight the words that are said to have given the sky-blue and golden-eyed flower its familiar name. It is not wrong to make a bouquet of common wild flowers, not wrong to search for and carry away scarce ones, always provided we are moderate and do feel conscientiously that we are not drawing too heavily on the resources of Nature. It is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules exactly as to what may be taken and what not be touched, because this will depend on time and place and circumstance. Each person who has learnt and taken to heart the golden rule of moderation in this matter must judge for him or her self. It is certain that moderation will often mean total abstention. When we feel that others are gathering flowers ruthlessly, that there is the slightest danger of some species, even a common one, being extirpated in some district, we shall refrain from taking a single specimen; and that is the kind of restraint that brings its own and its rich reward.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.*

M R. DALE'S work is always acceptable, yet this is a disappointing book. In his preface he makes certain avowals which are in themselves discouraging. A third party has supplied the character touches: the present Duke has stood proxy for his father's opinions and habits. The author has been well coached, but the book suffers from a lack of those personal experiences and independent impressions which give colour and sinew to biography of this kind.

I question for instance whether Mr. Dale ever enjoyed the liberal education of seeing the Duke gallop—he could make the slowest race—and to see him set his horse going was a thing to remember; whether he ever admired the accuracy of eye and touch, the debonair cock of the old grey high-crowned felt hat, as his grace holed the red and cannoneed; whether he ever heard his hunting horn inimitably blown—not indeed “rouse the slumbering morn” for early starts and punctuality had no morbid attraction for the Duke of Beaufort—but dilatory guests when the coach was at the door to take them on to the meet. Worst of all—in a book which is more closely concerned with the Duke as a master of hounds than either as an owner of racehorses or the lessee of a driving moor or salmon river, he never appears to have been corrected by the Eighth Duke of Beaufort—not so much for over-riding hounds or jumping into beans, as for not understanding what hounds were doing, and for not identifying the beans; for as he himself remarks somewhere—possibly in the capital chapter he contributed to the Badminton

Library—it was the headless, and not so much the hard, rider he was most disposed to chasten. “If I'd a little more spare time”—he once said with studied but not very reassuring politeness to me—“I would write and post you a little treatise on the difficulties hounds have to contend with on a catchy scent.”

The consequence of this is that the careful historical chapters are the best in the book. Mr. Dale is at his ease with the past: it has awakened his imagination, dressed his personages, pictured his scenes. We have to thank him too for a phrase which would have delighted Gibbon—he speaks of the Crusades as “a diplomatic fiction”: but when he gets to our own day, to the sayings and doings and ways of the sporting Mæcenas whom he is so anxious to appreciate and understand, he only presents us to a lay figure which is apt to creak when it walks, and never really sits down in its saddle or catches hold of hounds when it rides. But if he misses the gold of the target—the man himself—Mr. Dale writes as well as ever on the actualities of hunting: all he has to say of the hounds and the establishment and the hunting methods in vogue at Badminton is aptly phrased and judiciously selected, although it is to be regretted that so little is told us of the wolf-hunting expedition to France. Perhaps some day Sir Reginald Graham will take up his facile pen and tell us how they ran an old wolf a twelve-mile point over parched plains under a hot sun—he was most of the way in view, lobbing along in a cloud of dust of his own making; how a spinney full of roe-deer saved his life; how the party drove ten miles with slow posters to dine with the Mayor of Poictiers; how they were entertained at the *Café Anglais* on their way back and how the Duke charmed his sympathetic hosts by a capital speech in excellent French.

At the same time—for I have now said the very worst I had to say—there are lots of amusing odds and ends in these well-printed and well-written pages. Take for instance this account of early Victorian fortitude; Lady Georgiana Codrington's ear has been “loudly assailed” by words to the effect that her husband had taken a fall and broken his leg. “And how” asks Nimrod who was on a visit to Badminton “did she deport herself? Did she yield to the weakness (amiable as it may be) of her sex, and add to the sufferings of her husband either by exclamations or cries? She did neither: but inclining her head towards that of her horse, and resting it for a few seconds on her hand, she silently let fall some tears, and then instantly recovered her self-possession.” I like this too. Nimrod, who is commandeered into Mr. Dale's service rather more than he should be, is asking the stud-groom after a horse called Tom Thumb. “Tom 'Thumb,'” replied Dick, “is gone into the Dowager Duchess coach in London; and a good job too. The Duke was terrible fond of jumping gates on him. He jumped seven one day, by all accounts, he liked to have jumped one too many.” This was certainly overdoing it: and such intemperate ways of behaving out hunting found no favour with Mr. Dale's Duke. Yet I remember having seen him jump the sunk fence at Easton Grey which he flew like an antelope, having apparently forgotten its existence in the transports of a flying start and screaming scents.

The reader's attention is pleasantly drawn to the genial grandeur of Badminton during the Augustan period of the late Duke's lifetime; to his spacious conception of country life and of the sporting responsibilities of a great country gentleman; to the stately sweep of the park; the great herd of red deer; the innumerable companies of fallow; well-bred horses in the stable, staunch-bred hounds in the kennel; home-brewed beer below stairs, four-year-old mutton above: everything about the place, animate and inanimate, stamped with a seal of precedent and prescription. A selection from the *Lives of the Norths* with an account of a visit paid by Lord Keeper Guildford to the first Duke of Beaufort in the latter years of Charles II.'s reign, might have been written in the fifties and sixties of the nineteenth century. After describing the “princely way of living which that noble Duke used”, the chronicler goes on to say “and with all this managing and provision no one that comes or goes for visits or affairs with the

* “The Eighth Duke of Beaufort and the Badminton Hunt.” By T. F. Dale. London: Constable. 1901. 21s.

Duke, could observe anything more to do than in any other nobleman's house. So little of vain ostentation was to be seen there." It was this entire absence of ostentation; the matter of course of it all; and the sense of old time and custom which gave the Duke of Beaufort and his Badminton their particular distinction. A contemporary appreciation—that of the late Mr. Robert Chapman who for very many years supplied the Badminton stables with a succession of conspicuous weight-carriers—may here be recorded. At the time Mr. Chapman was the guest of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddesdon, and he was telling Mr. Henry Chaplin how much he admired the taste and the possessions of his host. "But after all"—Mr. Chapman was resting uneasily on a Louis XV. chaise-longue after a long day's hunting—"commend me to the solid comfort of Badminton."

I should like to add my testimony to all Mr. Dale has justly said of the Duke of Beaufort's kindness and thoughtfulness in all things great and small. I remember some twenty years ago being offered out hunting a promising four-year-old by Birdhill. The bad times had just fixed their hold upon the land. The young horse had to be sold, and hunting must be given up. But the Duke heard of it: the same price I was to have given was credited in the rent book, and the hard separation was averted. It is most pleasant to me to recall too the energy with which the Duchess used to prepare the row of little gallipots in basket-work casings on the side table which daily went forth from luncheon at Badminton to the sick and very poor in the village; and the careful attention with which the Duke followed her account of their several needs and cases. Truly the Duke and his Duchess dwelt amongst their own people; and the memory of their active solicitude, of their everyday practice of courtesy and sympathy towards their neighbours lives green and tender in their land.

RIBBLESDALE.

MERE MAN.

WILL Madame Sarah Grand accept our sincere condolence? She has been repeatedly represented to us (who have never, we confess, studied her writings with extreme care) as an audacious and subversive thinker, as the champion of we know not what heresies, in a word as a dangerous person. And so we went to her lecture somewhat in fear and trembling, determined, however, to learn what she had to say about "Mere Man," the creature whom, as we had gathered, it was her special mission to put once and for all in his proper place. We came away—on our honour—with a sense of infinite relief. About this lady's books we say nothing for the reason already intimated: but about her lecture, we speak without fear. If there be any anxious mother, as it is quite probable there is, who thinks that perhaps her daughter ought to hear what is said by an advanced thinker upon the secular enemy of her daughter's sex, and yet that perhaps it would be better not: perhaps strong meat is not for young digestions: perhaps thought so original and so profound may prove unsettling to the rudimentary intelligence: we would say at once to that mother, "Do not hesitate. Take her. Let her hear. She will be neither shocked nor surprised, pained nor embarrassed. It will be, if not as good as a sermon, at least very like one."

There are of course certain evident differences. For instance the discourse is delivered not by a gentleman in a surplice but by a lady who although she prefers to describe herself as Madame, is just an ordinary Englishwoman in ordinary evening dress. Again, although it is the habit and indeed the business of a preacher to enunciate familiar truths, he does not represent them as original discoveries. In this respect Madame Grand is an innovator. "Woman," she observed to her appreciative audience in the St. George's Hall, "is a complex creature: and so it came into my mind that man that is born of a woman must be also complex." The deduction is irresistible but was it quite necessary? Yet it took Madame Grand about ten minutes to get so far; and on reviewing our impressions, it is not clear that she ever got any farther. She did however contrive from the first to

express an attitude of tolerant and amused patronage towards her subject—the befitting word since the correlative to "Mere Man" is apparently "Sovran Woman." The latter epithet presented no ground for comment to the lecturer, but about the former she had remarks to make that seemed to us—and we ought to know more about it than any lady—a trifle misleading. Man on her showing does not like to be called "mere man:" but for our own part we should have accepted the description with equanimity. "Man is neither beast nor angel," said Pascal, "and whoever wants to play the angel is apt to play the beast." Seriously, we think that any lady might without undue risk tell any gentleman of her acquaintance that he was a mere man: but he would be a bold adventurer who told Madame Grand that she was a mere woman. For some reason women do not like to have their sex imputed to them except deferentially and almost inferentially. "Woman" without an adjective such as for instance "charming" is held by many to be a brusque description: and as for "female" the word is not tolerated.

What then had Madame Grand to say of her proper subject, beyond the mass of admirable reflections which made up the body of her discourse? These were such as the following: That nothing in the Paris Exhibition was so beautiful as moonlight on an English river: That the joys which we owe to art are bound to be evanescent: That mechanical inventions do not imply spiritual progress: That the only thing worth developing is the moral consciousness. (What daughter, we ask of the anxious mother, would not be edified by such aphorisms?) Vaguely however we perceived that the lecturer was anxious to show that man had not been stationary through the ages: that he had evolved—presumably in the direction of woman. For although Madame Grand was in no way desirous of concealing the fact that mere man had once swung from branches, the lecture contained no hint that woman also had once been "probably arboreal in her habits." But we need not dwell upon these matters concerning which Madame Grand ventured (such was her temerity!) to dissent from an opinion expressed in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's verses. History for her begins with the emancipation of woman about the period of Tennyson's "Princess" when suddenly a new idea came to birth. That very much the same idea had been handled by Xenophon, by Erasmus, and probably at every stage of civilisation does not seem to have entered her ken; let us therefore consider her remarks upon the period which she condescends to recognise, and which may be aptly described as the period of the lady novelist. It was the period of a crusade. Heroic women undertook the propagation of a great idea and determined to appeal solely to the eternal principles of truth and reason. Knowing the weaknesses of man, they disdained to profit by them: and, lest they should gain a hearing by unworthy and accidental qualities, they endured to be ugly. Deliberately, so Madame Grand asserts, they selected unbecoming clothes, they did their hair in ways that did not suit them, or even cut it short: it was, in the lecturer's phrase, a martyrdom. It was, we may add, an ingenious form of martyrdom, for it afflicted the persecutors no less than the persecuted. Such was, according to Madame Grand, the method adopted in England; but in France, if we may believe her, the crusade is being conducted on different lines. The ladies in France who advocate woman's rights are confident of obtaining the suffrage long before it is granted in England, because they press a more insidious attack—nothing less than a campaign of flirtation. To seduce a sex—it is a stupendous enterprise! but Madame Grand, though she does not approve, recognises the strong points in the system. For ourselves, we can only say that the prospect fills us with envy of our neighbours: but, less fortunate than they, we have only to deal with the appeal to our reason. What exactly is it that Sovereign Woman, speaking through the mouth of Madame Grand, wants of mere man? She wants him quite simply to be the friend—the friend who treats her with chivalrous courtesy and who pays homage in a spirit of pure loyalty. Well, frankly, it is woman who has made that ideal all but impossible. So long as woman stayed on her own ground man might

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reasonably look up to her as one inhabiting a higher plane. But when she meets him on his own ground as a competitor, and a competitor who undersells him, the thing ceases to be simple. Madame Grand is exceedingly indignant because Mere Man tells Sovereign Woman to stick to the nursery. (Edward Fitzgerald indeed put it lower and asked, Why don't women stick to the kitchen?) And no doubt it is rude to put it so. But on the other hand there is no one more apt than your advanced woman to magnify the importance of the nursery and all that pertains to it. So serious a matter indeed does child-bearing and child-rearing seem to her, that she limits her responsibilities as far as possible in the former direction, and in the second feels it as a rule incumbent on her to entrust the important business of education to an expert at the earliest possible hour. In short the typical modern woman bears very few children, has them nursed by hand, and educated at a kindergarten, while she confines her other domestic duties strictly to the business of supervision. The result is that she has a great deal more leisure than her forerunners, and looks for occupation, by preference paid occupation. She is in every way more independent, and envies man that freedom of movement and action, which, having simplified her domestic arrangements, she is in a position to emulate. She claims for herself a great deal more of the amusements and interests of life outside the home than her grandmothers did, and it cannot be denied that she is a charming comrade. If mere man objects it is from a sincere dread that his charming comrade may be neglecting her duty. No doubt if Madame Grand is right, the advantages which will accrue to him would compensate for anything. Women on her showing have trained themselves to despise the good things of life and men will learn by their example. In practice we should say however that it does not work out like that. Woman has learnt, and quite rightly we think, to abandon the view of life which taught her that a good wife would always reserve the new-laid egg for dear John. But she has not suppressed the new-laid egg, she merely sees to it that there shall be always enough new-laid eggs to go round. Madame Grand is convinced that the standards of life are higher with us than with our rude forefathers of say a century ago. We are not so sure of that but certainly the standards of living have been raised, and raised chiefly by women. As for that period in which woman regarded man with awe and veneration from which Madame Grand thinks that her sex has just escaped, it certainly never existed. Sovereign Woman has probably always thought meanly of mere man, only now she prints her views, and will never be really content until she has re-written the first chapter of Genesis and produced a pendant to the story in which the woman

" Took up with the first devil she could find
And for an apple coolly damned mankind."

THE PROMISE OF THE HAWTHORN.

SPRING sleeps and stirs and trembles with desire
Pure as a babe's that nestles toward the breast.
The world, as yet an all unstricken lyre,
With all its chords alive and all at rest,
Feels not the sun's hand yet, but feels his breath
And yearns for love made perfect. Man and bird,
Thrilled through with hope of life that casts out
death,
Wait with a rapturous patience till his word
Speak heaven, and flower by flower and tree by tree
Give back the silent strenuous utterance. Earth,
Alive awhile and joyful as the sea,
Laughs not aloud in joy too deep for mirth,
Presageful of perfection of delight,
Till all the unborn green buds be born in white.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

THE CULT OF THE TULIP.

AS the spring drifts into summer one of the greater glories of the garden is the tulip, closed, secret, and even drooping under a chill sky but gratefully lifting and spreading wide to the May sun. As you look at them with your friend, who also dabbles in gardening, his thoughts immediately wander to Holland; he has some vague idea that there they do these things very well, and a sort of remembrance, compounded of a school history and Dumas' "Tulipe Noire," that the Dutch once went mad over tulips. Unaccountable people the Dutch, he reflects; yet bulbs will serve as well as anything else for gambling counters, and bull and bear can play their game as readily with the name of a flower on a bit of paper as with certain other Dutch-looking names which are supposed to cover gold in the waste places of the earth. But if these records of fancy prices, such as 7,000 florins for "Semper Augustus," twelve acres of land for a single bulb, and so forth, be dismissed as outside true gardening, nevertheless the tulip has been in Western Europe the flower with a tradition, surrounded by a subtle halo of fame and rarity, from the time when Conrad Gesner in 1559 first saw it blooming in Augsburg till the orchid displaced it in the affections of the wealthy amateur. In a notable passage in the "Tatler" Steele catches something of the fascination of a bed of tulips. "Sometimes I considered them with the eye of an ordinary spectator, as so many beautiful objects varnished over with a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of colours, as are not to be equalled in any artificial dyes or tinctures. Sometimes I considered each leaf as an elaborate piece of tissue, in which the threads and fibres are woven together into different configurations, which gave a different colouring to the light as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered the whole bed of tulips, according to the notion of the greatest philosopher that ever lived, as a multitude of optic instruments, designed for the separating light into all those various colours of which it is composed."

Steele's essay shows the pitch to which the fancy had already reached early in the eighteenth century; its closing years saw the London florists, men who grew their flowers in places like Camberwell and the City Road, beginning to introduce improved seedlings, and henceforward the tulip became essentially an English flower, for the florists of the Low Countries failed to recognise the qualities upon which our growers insisted. The early half of last century was the golden prime of the fancy; £50 was no uncommon price for a bulb; £74 is perhaps the highest recorded at a public auction; but little by little the fashion changed, certain trading malpractices brought the flower into disrepute and to-day only a handful of enthusiasts keep alive a few shows, survivors of the gatherings that used to be held in almost every village in the Midlands and the North. For the tulip became one of the pets of that born fancier, the working-man of the northern manufacturing towns, and as with many another flower, our gardeners owe their most beautiful varieties to his devotion. His body might be bent over the loom or the stocking frame, but all his heart was with the little strip of ground that often lay under the shadow of the great mill chimney itself; some of his fellows might be hastening to get wealth, others were deep in the heady fight of politics, yet his quiet ambition was only to set his name to a flower that should stand for a generation or so as the head of its class. A modest aim, yet one demanding some labour and a certain measure of faith, for the third of a man's life may well run out before a new tulip shows all its beauties; nevertheless the fame was enduring, for the tulip possesses an immortality limited only by falling into disesteem.

Cut a bulb in two at planting time, it is seen to be made up of sheaths like an onion, five in all; at the heart lies the rudimentary flower already showing its separate parts, and on the base between the flower and the first sheath, may be discerned a tiny bud. When growth begins in the spring this bud swells and increases until it becomes a facsimile of the parent bulb, which by this time has been deprived of all its material until nothing is left but

a few brown skins. So the eternal cycle goes. The new bulb that is taken up and replanted each year is never identical with the old one, but only carries on that minute portion of the base in which its real existence lies. If there are two or more of these tiny buds within the heart of the old bulb, they all grow more or less, with the result of an increased stock, either of full-sized bulbs or bulbs and offsets. But transitory as the individual may be, if the term individual can be restricted to the particular bulb of any year, the renewed bulb and any offsets will produce flowers that are identical in shape and habit, colour and markings with the original stock. To that extent the tulip is perpetual and varieties are now in cultivation with no signs of debility or old age, that possess a recorded history of well over the century.

The tulip esteemed of the florist is essentially a marked flower, delicately pencilled with rose or brown or purple on a ground of clear white or yellow; it is late, flowering in May or even June, and it belongs to quite a different class from the flowers so much used for bedding in our parks and gardens. In these markings resides the great mystery of the tulip and also one of its most enduring charms, for they are not at first to be seen in the flower, but appear fortuitously, often after the bulb has had many years of a self-coloured existence.

With the tulip as with other flowers, new varieties can only arise from seed, but when the seedlings come to bloom the flowers are self-coloured, rose, or brown, or purple, and in this state they renew themselves year after year, offspring and increase always resembling the parent. Suddenly, it may be in two or three years, it may be in twenty, a flower will be found to have changed its character; the colour has all drawn into fine pencillings on the edges or up the centre of the petal, and the marked or "broken" flower has appeared, which will henceforward hand on its new dress to its offsets without further change. Gradually the other bulbs that may exist from the same original stock and are still in the self-coloured or "breeder" state will "break" in like fashion; the initial seedling has an individuality and imprints on all its descendants, but one type of "breeder" and one of "broken" flower. From this power of breaking comes some of the fascination of tulip-growing; the fancier eagerly watches the unfolding of his breeders; of his old favourites in other parts of the bed he knows in a general way what to expect, but he cannot predict whether this year a dull-coloured breeder may not have flashed into markings nor what degree of super-excellence it will possess. No explanation can be advanced of the cause or origin of "breaking," an incident without parallel among other flowers, and one of the difficulties in framing even a hypothesis lies in our ignorance of the genesis of the cultivated tulip. It came "ready-made" to Europe, the Turks had long before created the flower with all the properties we now know; and what wild species of tulip went to the building up of the garden flower by hybridisation and the like, we have no means of discovering. The secret of breaking and of many other peculiarities of the tulip, such as the occasional habit of forming "thieves", little bulbs growing at the end of a long side shoot and bearing flowers so unlike the parent, that they might be classed as belonging to a different species, all lie hid in this unknown parentage, the work of those Eastern flower lovers at a time when Europe had time for few thoughts save fear of man and of God.

East and West are worlds apart, but the thread runs everywhere, and the tulip, which to many an English mill-hand's life has been the one revelation of beauty, the one touch of glory, is in right lineage with the very tulip that was to old Omar in far-off Persia the image of man's grateful acceptance of his Creator's bounty.

DR. STANFORD'S "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

ALAS! We have all clamoured for an English opera; Covent Garden has travelled a considerable distance out of its way to give us an English opera sung by English artists; and when all is done one can only call the result a half-success. The pity of it! Had Dr. Stanford's "Much Ado about Nothing" been as

good in its way as "Shamus O'Brien," had it been half as good, opera in England and in English would have got a fillip that nothing else in the world could have given it. "Much Ado about Nothing" is not so good as "Shamus"; it is not one-half or one-quarter so good; and I greatly fear that it has put back the clock some years. A good, stimulating, exhilarating opera might, and probably would, have proved to the English public that an opera may be written in English and put to music by an Englishman, and yet be interesting, capable of holding one's attention for an evening. "Much Ado about Nothing," I am afraid, will mainly result in the older Philistines and conservatives being confirmed in their faith, in the faith that no British composer is capable of anything less dull than a tenth-rate imitation oratorio. The final rehearsal on Wednesday of last week lasted nearly six hours; and after sitting out religiously every bar of it I came away quite favourably impressed, fully believing that the fatigue which overcame me was due not to the music or the drama but to the long tedious waits and the stoppages, and the altercations between Mr. Mancinelli and Mr. Nielson or Mr. Mancinelli and gentlemen who listened to all he had to say and then remarked "Ce n'est pas mon affaire." On the following Thursday evening, far too late for discussion last week, the production took place; and I came away feeling absolutely sure that I had been wrong the day before, and that both drama and music were to blame for the sense of sheer boredom which beset me.

To begin with, the libretto makes the mistake of nearly all librettos chosen by Englishmen, in that it is a downright bad one. I heard on all sides that Mr. Julian Sturgis has done his work remarkably well. I deliberately offer the opinion that the work could not be much worse done. For the fact that it was done at all Mr. Sturgis perhaps was not to blame. Dr. Stanford is, as we all know, an inordinate admirer of Verdi; and as Verdi set music to rather scandalous versions of two of Shakespeare's plays, it was only natural that a very bad version of a third Shakespeare play should be set by Dr. Stanford. The thing should never have been done. To go back to whatever story Shakespeare may have founded his play on, to treat that original in a new way, in a fresh and modern spirit—that would be quite defensible: in fact it would need no defence at all. The Greek dramatists did likewise; Shakespeare himself did likewise; and Dr. Stanford and his librettist would in no sense have been entering into competition with Shakespeare. But to take the story as Shakespeare shaped it, to take many of Shakespeare's very lines, and then to alter the lines and the story here and there to suit the demands of the musician and the fatuity of the libretto-maker—this was absurd and unpardonable. Had a much abler man than Mr. Sturgis undertaken the task the book was still bound to result in a failure. Let us suppose a parallel case in one of the other arts: suppose a sculptor took a group of figures out of a painter's picture, did his best with it, called the result by the name of the picture, and offered it to the artistic public. What would be said? It is not worth while wasting space to conjecture what would be said. We all know. Such a thing is only tolerated in the case of opera books. Here is Mr. Sturgis. He has taken a very familiar play. He has not merely boiled it down to fit the musician's needs; he has not merely altered the order and arrangement of the various scenes to suit the modern stage; he has not altered Shakespeare's lines only when they could not be set to music. He has without good rhymes or any reason given the various characters a twist so that they become sheer coarse caricatures of Shakespeare's characters; he has preserved Shakespeare's language when it sounds ridiculous sung; he has altered it when it would sound better as Shakespeare wrote it. Take, for instance, poor Benedick. He was originally a purely fantastic character; but everyone in the play gives him credit for being a brave, honourable man; he learns that Beatrice is in love with him and that he is regarded as hating women so intensely that her case is hopeless. But Mr. Sturgis comes along and makes Benedick overhear Pedro and Claudio call him a knave and a coward. He also hears Beatrice call him not only a fool but a

villain. Then let us take the alteration of the scenes. A sufficient specimen is the "Roméo et Juliette" effect of Hero rising from the dead. Shakespeare managed his ending with admirable audacity and aplomb and in a spirit of pure comedy. But Mr. Sturgis gives us a real tomb with Hero tragically coming forth and scaring Claudio nearly out of his wits. Finally, the deviations from Shakespeare's words are triumphs of brainlessness. When (in Shakespeare) Claudio learns the truth about Hero, Pedro says to him :

Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?
Claudio : I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it.

That does not content Mr. Sturgis. He cannot understand iron running through the blood ; and he gives us

Pedro : "Ran not his speech like poison thro' your blood?"

Claudio : "I have drunk poison when he uttered it."

Which is bad sense, bad poetry, and bad grammar. Again, there is a piece of preposterous nonsense when Dogberry and Verges make their advent. Says Seacoal :

"And see, good Master Dogberry, the Constable rich in language comes by good fortune hither and good man Verges with him, whom he ne'er allows to utter."

This is quite amazing. The whole libretto is absurd, absurd with the fullest measure of the absurdity of mid-Victorian conventional stage technique.

I have dwelt at so much length on the libretto partly because there is not a great deal to be said about the music, and partly because as I have said again and again it appears the last thing a British musician will learn is that nowadays his success or failure depends in the first place upon whether or not he has got a good book. I do not blame Mr. Sturgis altogether for the failure. Dr. Stanford contributes. To begin with, the declamation is so very undeclamatory, even when the words are passable, that it sounds like an English translation of an Italian opera made in the bad old days when Chorley and Oxenford lorded it. There are glaring misplacements of accents. If a man tried to accentuate his words in speech as Dr. Stanford makes Benedick accent some of his words in recitative, he would certainly break his neck, or have an apoplectic fit, or swallow his larynx, or in some astounding way come to utter grief. I almost wept to hear Mr. Bispham struggling with some of his phrases the other night. The song "Wise shall my lady be" might have a chance of becoming popular if it continued as it begins. But Dr. Stanford cannot bear to let a melody flow on gracefully : he must needs interrupt it as early as possible with impossibly crabbed, nearly unsingable phrases. The only scene which does not suffer from this fatal defect is the first of the last act. Here the part of Dogberry is treated with exquisite humour, and the accents are absolutely just. This, if anything, will save the opera from an immediate oblivion. The rest of the music is neither here nor there. There are pretty moments, as for example the earlier part of the second act ; but the attempts in the grand manner hopelessly fail to come off. The effect of bells and organ and plain-chant is exceedingly cheap at this time of day and it is carried out in a shockingly perfunctory manner — it almost suggests that Dr. Stanford, being a busy man, had asked one of his pupils to do the job. There are total collapses also when Claudio thinks he sees Hero embracing another man, and when he exposes her at the marriage ceremony. The scene of Leonato immediately after is very beautiful and charged with genuine pathos. But whether fine or poor, the music struck me as always second-hand. It is the least original thing Dr. Stanford has written. This, perhaps, is the result of that trick of incessantly introducing grand-opera effects imitated from other works. He has been told that the love-music is not passionate enough, and I have just very foolishly remarked that there are breakdowns in the second and third acts. The truth is that in a fantastic farce such as "Much Ado about Nothing" there ought to be no

very passionate or tragic music : the whole thing should be kept on the farcical, fantastic plane. If all the music had been like the beginning of the last act—that is to say, piquant, bright, energetic, Sullivanesque—what a jolly work the thing might have been ! But it is the curse of Academicism that the Academic cannot be joyous and natural for many minutes at a time : he must needs everlastingly be knitting his brows, folding his arms on his breast, and delivering rhetorical fustian — poverty-stricken imitations of the great master's great effects—in what he considers the grand manner. The fustian is not grand or fine ; it sounds poor, and it sounds second-hand because one knows precisely the things that are being imitated. This is a pity, for it helps to spoil what might have proved an exhilarating opera.

A few words must be said about the performance. The band under Mancinelli did fair justice to Dr. Stanford's brilliant and masterly orchestration. As for the singers, Bispham was by far the best : he sang and acted superbly. Brema was too heavy for the Beatrice, and the music lies outside her range ; but she was not bad and kindly took all the applause to herself. The English contingent made a brave show, Mr. Coates especially carrying off the part of Claudio with quite the right romantic air. Muhlmann was an amusing Dogberry ; and Plançon, besides singing splendidly, did it with excellent English accent. There were numerous recalls after each act, the composer, the conductor, the singers, and a gentleman I don't know, bowing in acknowledgment of the applause.

J. F. R.

THE PRINT ROOM AND OTHER EXHIBITIONS.

THE drawing by Goya entitled "Moorish Bivouac" is a striking composition of curious *facture*. It has been described as a sketch or "impression." It is of course not that ; the lighting is purely fantastic, not referable to the camp-fire. It is an invention of night, conspiracy and micing mallecho. Poussin's portrait of himself (A 129) is a real *trouville* for the Print Room. Ill, with grumbling and puzzle in his eyes, here is the extraordinarily endowed peasant, shaken out of all his innocent snobberies of high art. The fine collection of Clades will be richer for several drawings, especially the "Landscape with a lake and temple" (A 135) a noble structure of stone columns and tree columns framing a lake with a fragment of sky cunningly let in among the mirrored mountains. The collection of Watteaus is now a most splendid one ; we cannot have too many. The Vaughan drawings are of fine quality, and A 145 the "Head of a Boy" is unusually strict and studied. Look at the way the mouth is put in. Lancret's "Study of Foliage" (A 148) surprises one from an artist who is generally thought of as living on borrowed capital. Gabriel St. Aubin (A 152, 153) is little known in this country. Many of his most characteristic works are in private hands. The Louvre has a small collection of his sketches. The De Goncourts got together a considerable number, of which the three sheets here shown are a part. There are two others in the Print Room. Something can be gathered from these examples of a draughtsman who equalled Watteau in daintiness, had not his genius for romance-building, but excelled him in nervous closeness to life. Delacroix's pastel, "Women of Algiers" (A 156), is another treasure. It gives the intention of his picture, the charm of the grey wall more pure than it was rendered when the groups and the rest had to be substantiated in oil paint. Curiously enough I have seen this charm restituted in a water-colour by Mr. Brabazon after the picture. One or two Millets and a Daubigny close this section. Mr. Colvin, to whose catholicity it bears witness, should buy or beg a pastel by Degas before they become too rare, and thus add its last link to the French chain of great draughtsmen.

In the English section a number of drawings show Hogarth knocking up the scenes of his "Industry and Idleness." The drawing attributed to Reynolds (B 33) is not very credible. B 34, a study for a seated portrait by Gainsborough, is a lovely thing, and some

slighter trials for pose are all charming. A large block of Cozens follows. The instinctive breadth of light and mass in numbers like B 47, 56, and 58 explains the tremendous praise given to Cozens by Constable. The weakest of them please a modern eye, satiated with false-realistic water-colour, because of the remoteness of their white and blue tinting. Hence a certain extravagance of eulogy. Benjamin West's little gouache of landscape with a story (B 67) is a surprise; it is grave and pleasing—not at all swaggering. George Dance is a strange figure in art. His Newgate Prison, one of the few works of architectural genius in London, is now marked for destruction. But this seems as solitary an ascent in his work as Smart's "Song to David." Yet the long series of portrait drawings here proves him no ordinary man. He has not a gift for drawing; he must content himself with a hard compromise; but he evidently saw the person, and the hardness was a real drive at character. Flaxman and Blake are once more exhibited grinding at one mill; one is taken and the other left. To both the same academic bones of drawing are furnished, and to Flaxman all the *mécanique* of design, but the devil is not in him. The demon is in everything that Blake touches. A Shakespearian image translated out of its golden words into his art, prospers like a thing grafted. To Pity, the naked new-born babe caught up into the blast, he adds the stark form of the mother, delivered and dead; and what couriers, with how passionate a pace, he sees for Heaven's Cherubim! Next after Blake comes that other contemporary of his, Stothard. No wonder the fiery spirit hated this gentle confectioner, who would fain have potted the fruits that grow in Paradise. Mr. Vaughan had a great store of these preserves. Constable's "Hampstead Heath" (192) looks very honourable among the cheery sloppings of English water-colourists from David Cox even unto Cooke. B 203 by George Chambers, has a look of Girtin, a solitary flash. Frederick Tayler, is a remarkably slick sketcher. There is a great block of Leightons. How able and accomplished he was! What a gift of hand and eye in those still-life studies, of sculpturesque design in sketches of figures! Yet at some point, when final expression is to be given, an unclean spirit regularly comes in and takes possession of the art, making it intolerable. Who can look at this "Head of Giotto" (B 250) and not feel a little sick? Mr. Colvin has done excellently well in securing Millais' "Deluge" drawing, about which I wrote lately. The Burne-Jones drawings, on the other hand, are a shocking selection. The "Seven Works of Mercy" are decorative diagrams of the deadeast sort, the two other drawings (291 and 292) belong to a late series that admirers of the artist will be sorry to see in the Museum, tired, mechanical productions drawn in gold on pretty paper. The drawing of sculpture at Bourges (294) by Ruskin, the wild duck (295) and the "View of Interlaken" (297) are fine examples.

A fresh series of Mr. Conder's fan-paintings is on view at the Carfax Gallery. The daring and subtlety of their colour are more wonderful than ever and the luxury of poetry no less, by means so slight insinuated. These stains upon silk will outlast a monstrous deal of brass and of stout canvas.

I have followed Mr. Hartrick's determination to be a painter with sympathy and interest, though with a grudge in case an able draughtsman in the vein of Renouard should lose himself by the way. In the exhibition now open at the Continental Gallery it is the character draughtsman, in pieces like the "Veteran" and the "Sexton" that still takes the honours. But one or two pastels, especially the "Snow Storm in March" and "April Showers" show a real advance out of blackness into atmospheric colour. D. S. M.

MAINLY ABOUT MIMES.

THE fashion in acting changes always according to the fashion in dramaturgy. Twenty years ago, when the current drama was composed of melodrama on the one hand and farce on the other, the leading mimes played accordingly. In the past ten years melodrama and farce have been ousted by realistic comedy.

That is, the dramatists who count for anything at all devote themselves to realistic comedy. Mr. Pinero, (unhappily, as I think) abandoning farce, and Mr. Jones (happily, as none will deny) purging himself of melodrama, have converged to the same point of endeavour, whereat, also, Mr. Haddon Chambers, Mr. Carton and the rest have come from their several directions. No respectable person (except Mr. Shaw) will have anything to do with either of the two forms that were but lately predominant. As a result of these changes, we have what is called the modern school of acting—the school of quiet and subtle effects—in fine, the comedic school. It is significant that the most characteristic actor in this kind is Mr. Wyndham, who himself was for many years the high-priest of farce. Conversely, it is a queer trick of fate that Mr. Tree, who was one of the earliest "modern" actors, is now debarred from subtleties by the size of his theatre. "Her Majesty's" is too big for modern comedy, and thus, devoted to poetic drama, it is apart from the main current of modern dramaturgy. It is an upstanding rock in the stream. The existence of such a theatre ensures that some of the general histrionic talent will ever be diverted from modern comedy. Nevertheless, one may say that the typical actors of the moment, and of the moments to come, are Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Boyne, and Mr. Hawtrey, and that on them the young aspirants are modelling themselves.

Unfortunately, acting is so much easier an art than dramaturgy, that we have not enough modern comedies "to go round"—to keep our modern comedians worthily employed. Modern dramatists are not numerous enough to meet the demand which their supply has created. Two or three weeks ago, for instance, I was complaining that Mr. Kerr had thrown himself away on a farcical part, and had spoilt the part (not that this mattered much) by playing it comedically. Now that at the Court Theatre "A Woman in the Case" has made way for "Women are so Serious," my grievance is removed. Mr. Kerr has a delightful comedic part, and he plays it perfectly. But this relief is cancelled for me by the distress of seeing Mr. Leonard Boyne at the Great Queen Street Theatre playing a merely farcical part. True, this part is amusingly farcical, whereas Mr. Kerr's previous part was very dully so; but that only makes the matter worse: not merely is Mr. Boyne's talent for comedy thrown away, but the situations which are ruined by his gentle, slow, elaborate realism would be really funny if they were taken by a rough and ready farcifier. "Women are so Serious," which has been very skilfully adapted by Mr. Brandon Thomas from "Celles qu'on Respecte," is, in strict point of form, perhaps, rather a farce than a comedy. But the central part in it (the part of a philanderer) has been developed with a realistic sense of character, and accordingly Mr. Kerr has his chance. "A Lady from Texas," composed by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, is so strange an affair that one cannot classify it offhand as anything in particular; but this is certain: the central part (again, the part of a philanderer) is sheerly farcical, and must be played at top-speed. Mr. Boyne, purring his leisurely way through the part, spoils all the fun. His method is too inveterate in him to be cast off. He could not play the part better than he does play it. On the other hand, nobody could play it worse. Through whose weird error in judgment was he cast for it? Why was not that sound farcifier, Mr. Giddens, procured? Perhaps because he was already engaged at the Court. But that was only an additional good reason for the acquisition of him. He goes far to destroy the charm of "Women are so Serious." Though that play be strictly a farce, Mr. Kerr is so pervasive from the primary base of his comedic part, and so exquisitely authoritative, that he brings it all into the key of comedy. In that key Mr. Giddens is a thumping discord. Unlike Mr. Wyndham, he has not been able to accommodate himself to the changed spirit of the age. He survives as the embodiment of bursting and bounding farcicality. As such he is incomparably good, and he is proportionately noxious in the atmosphere at the Court. Indeed, hardly one of the performers there is really in the comedic key. (This fact makes it the greater tribute to Mr. Kerr's

power that our main impression is of a comedy.) Miss Ellis Jeffreys is too metallically go-ahead in her part. Her acting is, as always, brilliant, and would be exactly right but for the predominating presence of Mr. Kerr. In relation to that presence, it jars. Miss Jeffreys ought to have said to herself at rehearsal "Either Mr. Kerr's method, or mine, must go," and straightway to have let go her own. She is evidently young, and so would have had no difficulty in striking out a new line, even though she might not at first be so successful in comedy as she has been hitherto in farce. Miss Constance Collier acted wrongly in quite another way. Cast for the part of a girl who has been jilted by the philanderer, she was so bent on being powerfully pathetic, and so successful in her aim, that only by a hair's-breadth was Mr. Kerr able to save the play from tumbling straight into the black abyss of tragedy. Mr. Herbert Standing, again, as a taciturn Major in the regular army, marred his scenes by comporting himself only like a sergeant of police. Except Mr. Kerr, Mr. R. C. Herz and Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis were the only players who really pleased me: the one, because he showed acute sense of character as a valet; the other, because of the grace that is her birthright—a grace so airy and unerring that even when she stumbled over a mat the quick forward-and-backward movement was a poem in itself.

Mrs. O'Connor, as I conceive, set out to write a serious comedy. To make doubly sure of achievement, she bound herself to two separate motives of a serious kind: firstly (a well-worn motive) the wife whose husband, loving her, yet neglects her for affairs of State, and finally is made to realise his unwise; secondly (a fresher motive), the American woman, with all her superficial faults and fundamental virtues, cast into the effete society of England. But sense of fun came and played skittles with the good intentions of Mrs. O'Connor. Mrs. O'Fish-Withers became a wild stage-caricature of vulgarity and minxishness, quite unlike anyone that ever came out of the wildest West; insomuch that only at odd moments—as when the Duke says he likes her because she is "good," and she solemnly declares herself to be the truest friend he ever had—do we divine what Mrs. O'Connor had patriotically intended her to be. Also, though the relation between Lord and Lady Walter Bective is serious enough in itself, we are quite unable to take it seriously, because the lover of Lady Walter, like most of the other characters, is merely farcical. Of the serious things that one cannot take seriously dulness is compounded. Thus Lord and Lady Walter are both awful bores. Mr. Charles Cartwright and Miss Cynthia Brooke evidently feel their position acutely. The latter, being very pretty and feminine, manages to slur matters over to some extent. The former, being merely a powerful melodramatic actor, and not even having in his composition one ounce of that comedic sense which would have enabled a man to play the part effectively in less unfavourable circumstances, behaves with so grim an air of suppressed wrath as to suggest that only fear of the law restrains him from murdering everyone on both sides of the footlights. Never have I seen so frightening a person as Mr. Cartwright's Lord Walter. In him all the "villains" that ever perished in fifth acts are re-incarnate. We feel that it is sheer devilry, not national emergency, that has impelled him, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to put a shilling on the income-tax. When he smiles to his wife and murmurs "This is our second honeymoon," we stretch out our hands to save her from him. Throughout, Mr. Cartwright uses his fine voice in a way that irresistibly reminds us of the Abbé Bruneau playing the organ to drown the dying moans of his latest victim. As all the other members of the cast (except Mr. Marsh Allen, and Miss Cheatham, who plays the chief part rather funnily) are either frankly incompetent or miscast, Mrs. O'Connor, obviously, need not attribute to the performance much of whatever success may come to her wayward little play.

MAX.

INSURANCE SURRENDER VALUES.

AN examination of the accounts of the whole of the Ordinary British Life offices shows that on the average about 5 per cent. of the total amount paid in premiums is returned in cash surrender values. The ordinary system of life assurance provides that a policy-holder pays a level premium throughout, which means that in the early years of assurance he pays more than is necessary to cover the risk, in order that in later years he may pay less each year than would suffice for this purpose. The consequence is that life offices have to accumulate reserves, and a policy-holder wishing to discontinue his assurance, after paying premiums for several years, naturally assumes that he is entitled to some part of the reserve which has been accumulated.

For many years past the force of this argument has been admitted, and the conditions as to surrender values have been growing more and more liberal, though there is still room for great improvement in the practice of some offices in this respect. It is open to question however whether this privilege of surrender values might not under certain policies be withdrawn with advantage. If it were distinctly understood that a policy-holder were charged a lower premium on the understanding that, if the payment of premiums ceased, the policy would lapse, and no surrender value would be paid, it ought to be possible for the companies to issue such a policy at a lower rate. The man to whom the maximum of insurance protection at a given cost is all important might feel so sure of being able to keep up the payment of premiums that he would be willing to run the risk of foregoing any surrender value, should he be unable to keep on paying. Undoubtedly under such a system policies would sometimes lapse, after being many years in force; and this would result in a profit to the company, which would compensate for the reduction in premium, but would of course involve a loss to the policy-holder who allowed the policy to lapse.

It is probable that the loss to the policy-holder, and the gain to the company, would not, as a rule, occur when the policy had been in force for more than, say, ten years; since with, or without a surrender value, such a policy would be saleable by auction or otherwise. This consideration to a large extent removes the objection to the abolition of surrender values from the policy-holder's point of view, but at the same time tends to diminish the possible profit of the companies from the lapsing of policies, and therefore tends to decrease the reduction in premium which they could make in consideration of giving no surrender value; but, taking all this into account, it seems likely that a reduction of about 5 per cent. might be made in the premium for policies issued without surrender values. We do not suggest the universal adoption of such a plan, but it might sometimes be found useful. On the one hand a man with such a policy would make considerable efforts to keep it in force, and so avoid the loss he would otherwise experience; but on the other hand he would be unable to borrow on the security of the surrender value for the purpose of paying the premiums, and thus one existing method of keeping a policy in force would disappear. It is to the advantage of life offices that policies should be kept up, and on the whole we think the abolition of surrender values would tend to produce this result.

In other directions certain features which have been added to the original idea of insurance protection have, in one way or another, been abolished or dispensed with. The extra premium normally required for with-profit policies has practically been abolished by means of the discounted bonus system, under which bonuses are anticipated and allowed from the outset as a reduction of premium. Again certain offices contrive to do business without paying any commission, which the majority of companies find it necessary to pay. Once more, the necessity of paying dividends to shareholders has been got rid of by the adoption of the mutual system, in its entirety by some companies, and to a very great extent by others. These considerations suggest that surrender values also might sometimes be dispensed with as one way of effecting the object, which to many people is of so much importance, namely life assurance protection at the smallest possible cost.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

45 Emperor's Gate, S.W.

SIR,—I have read the articles which have been appearing for the last five weeks dealing with Army Reform. They are as able as they are interesting.

It is refreshing to see a paper of the standing of the SATURDAY REVIEW boldly advocating limited conscription. With our varied requirements we require a varied force, not all organised on one uniform sealed pattern.

For active and foreign service we want a regular army as at present; for home and active service a militia embodied eight months every year. This means conscription. A volunteer force, training made easy, to teach civilians to shoot, make civilians take an interest in the army and bring fresh minds to bear on military questions. One fourth of the regular army counts only on paper, costs as much as real soldiers, but by reason of age and physique is useless. The cavalry must be made less showy and more workmanlike and expenses cut down to allow of poor gentlemen making it a profession. Manoeuvres on well-known and limited areas do more harm than good, and generals and staff come to be like a lot of old troopers in a riding school.

Yours truly,

CHARLES COLVILE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Hall, Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorks,

6 June, 1901.

SIR,—A word of gratitude is surely due to the REVIEW for the able series of articles on "Army Reform": you have said outright what most Englishmen, who have studied the subject of national defence, have thought for some time, but what (as you point out) soldiers, politicians and civilians alike, from varying reasons, none altogether creditable, have hesitated to put forward publicly.

The utter and complete breakdown of the voluntary system requires no proving to those who will trouble their memories with the events of the autumn of 1899: but I am glad to see that you point out the great, and growing, danger of reliance on coloured troops: it suggests most ominously "certain stages in the decomposition of the Roman army."

Most important in your articles are, I think, the closing paragraphs of No. II., in which you deal with the enormous gain, military, diplomatic, and physical, which the nation would secure from conscription. It is hardly possible to doubt that the splendid physical start in life which the good food, good clothing, drill, and especially gymnastics, would secure to the young men of our towns under universal service would amply repay them in after life for the loss of two years of wage-earning. The "Times" the other day indeed denied that the military system in Germany is a drawback to industrial effort, considering that it rather is a potent agent in increasing its effectiveness; and there is much to be said for this contention.

Into the details of your later articles it would be rash for a civilian to venture. But surely if military service be made, as it ought to be made, compulsory on all, the bogey of the provision of large Indian and Colonial garrisons will lay itself: among the 500,000 men who annually reach the age of twenty there will always, I believe, be a sufficient proportion to whom the military life and the desire for travel and adventure appeal (to say nothing of the high Indian pay) to supply those garrisons by volunteering at the expiry of their compulsory term at home. Again I would most earnestly deprecate any appeal to the Ballot: if by some chance in any village the cook's son got taken and the duke's son escaped, who in that village would ever believe that chance unaided had brought about that result? And, when the Secretary for War himself is driven to complain from his place in Parliament of attempts unduly to influence him ("noble" I believe is the old Turf phrase) it is very doubtful how far the Conscription Ballot would support the rôle of Cæsar's wife. Moreover the partial character of the Ballot,

even if conducted with perfect fairness, will always render it infinitely more unpopular than universal service which "whips all alike." If then compulsory military service must come (and I believe that it not only must, but that it will be an inestimable advantage to the country when it does come) let it be universal.

I am, &c. &c.

R. S. YORKE.

J. F. R. AND ONE OF THE SYNDICATE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I thank One of the Syndicate for his lesson in Elementary French. Elementary French is, I believe, the tongue spoken at Covent Garden. I have forgotten mine. When it is necessary for me to speak French at all, I make a shot at the real thing. The paragraph in the "Gaulois" will bear either the meaning placed upon it by One of the Syndicate or the meaning I placed upon it. But I am willing to believe it was the artists' loges that were referred to. These are doubtless much better than the garrets of former years, the garrets which, however, were quite as spacious, airy and comfortable as are the artists' dressing-rooms at the Opéra Comique at present—the Opéra Comique, be it remembered, whence we derive the inestimable Mr. Messager. If Mr. Messager is capable of working such wonders in so brief a time, it is surprising that he did not commence in the theatre of which Mr. Carré is director. Perhaps Mr. Carré would not permit him. This, however, is not the point. One of the Syndicate is simply trying to draw a red-herring across the scent. The point is not the meaning of "loges" or any other word; the point is that the "Gaulois" has proceeded immediately on Mr. Messager's arrival to lie and give him credit for improvements with which he had absolutely nothing to do. This is so patent that I begin to wonder whether One of the Syndicate has any connexion with the Syndicate at all. He appears to know less than I do of what the Syndicate is doing. Or is it the truth that he is the whole Syndicate and a few more people thrown in? Whoever he is I may tell him he is wrong about the fauteuil d'orchestre. I have never paid for one at the Opéra Comique without getting an arm-chair in the orchestra.

Faithfully yours,

J. F. R.

A SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR BLIND AND CRIPPLED SLUM CHILDREN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Watercress and Flower Girls' Christian Mission,
8 Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, E.C.

SIR,—Among the vast numbers of children who are sent every year from the courts and alleys of the Metropolis, to the various holiday homes throughout the country, none are more deserving, or have a stronger claim upon the charitable public, than the blind and crippled girls. It would be difficult to exaggerate the pitiable surroundings of these little weary sufferers. For the most part, they spend their young but burdensome lives exposed to pain, dirt, cold, hunger and rags, with little or no prospect of relief. It is for these afflicted girls specially that a real holiday home has been erected at Clacton-on-Sea, and they are sent down in small parties of about twenty, and are under the care of kind helpers, who are in deep sympathy with this form of crushed child life, they are permitted to ramble on the sea beach, and in the green fields, to their unbounded delight, and it is really astonishing how much they are benefited even by this short change. For the small sum of ten shillings all the expenses are met for each child. It is truly a sensible investment and one that affords much pleasure to the donor. Subscriptions may be forwarded to the treasurer F. A. Bevan, Esq., 54 Lombard Street, or to

Yours faithfully,

JOHN ALFRED GROOM, Secretary.

THE "FAITH AND FOLLY" OF
MONSIGNOR VAUGHAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

92 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

4 June, 1901.

DEAR SIR.—It is the rule of this office to send a copy of any publication for which we are responsible to any person named therein, and if the copy of the SATURDAY REVIEW for 18 May failed to reach Monsignor Vaughan on that day it must have been due to some accident.

I will with your kind permission reply to his letter seriatim.

1. I did represent the Monsignor as affirming that

"If a vivisector's purpose be to benefit mankind nothing he does to sentient animals can be called cruelty."

To this the Monsignor replies

"I absolutely deny that I ever made any such statement."

Well let us see. On p. 361, to which I imagine the Monsignor refers, he says:—

"Now reason demands three conditions. Firstly, that there may be a motive; secondly that there be a just motive, and thirdly, that there be some proportion between the end to be gained, and the means employed in reaching that end, thus e.g. in the matter of vivisection, the amount of suffering inflicted must bear some relation to the result to be obtained."

My statement contained the first two of the Monsignor's conditions. The third condition demanded by the Monsignor I admit that I overlooked. But of course the Monsignor is aware that in practice it is left not to him but to the vivisector to decide the proportion between the end to be gained and the suffering inflicted.

2. There are unlimited methods of comparing the intelligence of men and animals and indeed of one man and another, but there is none for comparing capacity for pain even between man and man; much less between a man and a dog. The simile of a bird flying to the Pleiades is inapplicable because nothing flies thither, and we are dealing solely with comparisons between existing phenomena.

3. The Monsignor himself has said page 357

"Suffering is not merely permitted by the Omnipotent and Omniscent Creator, but distinctly caused."

God therefore, according to the Monsignor, causes the tiger to slay the native, the sea to drown the sailor, the lightning to strike the husbandman, and why not Jack the Ripper to mutilate the women of Whitechapel?

It will not tend to consolation, reverence, or moral edification to tell the drowning sailor that God is causing his suffering, and the Whitechapel victim that her assailant's free will is causing hers.

I have heard that the science of criminology has something to record about the craniums of criminals.

Can a man alter the bones of his skull with free will? If not, who made his skull the shape it may be?

4. We anti-vivisectionists maintain that all torture is wrong whether of men or animals, though some of us, myself among them, believe we have a right in certain circumstances to kill both men and animals.

The Monsignor thinks it right to torture animals for a sufficient purpose, and, for all I know, would think it right also to torture men for what he deemed a sufficient purpose if the law would let him. S. Augustine, who is cited to emphasise my insignificance, would I dare swear have tortured me with a light heart for a less purpose than the suppression of my anti-vivisection opinions.

And there is nothing childish in my inquiring whether the Monsignor who associates himself with the Saint would vivisect a baby for a sufficient cause.

Your obedient servant,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

REVIEWS.

AN INJUSTICE TO JUNIUS.

"The Francis Letters." By Sir Philip Francis and other members of the family. Edited by Beata Francis and Eliza Keary. 2 vols. London: Hutchinson. 1901. 24s. net.

THE name of Sir Philip Francis is still a name to conjure with. The Letters of Junius are as immortal as the Philippics of Cicero, to which it would be no exaggeration to say that, in all that constitutes the power and brilliance of both, they are incomparably superior. Regarded as compositions they remain, within the limits of the rhetoric in which they excel, without either equal or second in our language, though they have the honour to number among their imitators such masters as Gibbon, Macaulay and Lord Beaconsfield. Of their satire and invective it may be safely said that in concentration and intensity, in poignancy and in felicity both of expression and application, there is nothing in our prose, and very little in our verse, which would sustain comparison with them. But to appreciate them fully requires attainments which few people have either the desire or patience to acquire. A minute knowledge of the party politics and private scandals of nearly a century and a half ago, of the squabbles between the City and the House of Commons, of the ignoble feuds and intrigues which broke up Chatham's last administration, overturned Grafton's and set up Lord North's, of the relation of the King's Friends to the Wilkites, of the Wilkites to the Grenvilles, and of both to the Bloomsbury Gang, of the atrocities of Lord Mansfield and Sir William Blackstone on the Bench, of Lord Barrington at the War Office, and of the crimes and delinquencies, private as well as public, of the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford generally—all these are subjects which have, in themselves, ceased to interest even the student of history, but which are the themes and material of these immortal Letters. They have thus much in common with such satires as Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel" and Pope's "Dunciad." To a certain extent they may be relished and enjoyed by a reader to whom they appeal only as compositions, who is content to regard the objects of their invective and sarcasm merely as lay figures, and who, ignoring what is particular and local, abstracts from them and dwells only on what is of universal and typical application and interest. But the true literary epicure will not be content with this. He knows that the trouble involved in realising the conditions under which such works appeared, in deciphering the minutiae on which their point and force as satires depend and in tracing each reference to its source, each application to its circumstances, will be amply repaid.

The identification of Francis with Junius may be regarded as a fact more conclusively established than any fact in biography and history which is based on circumstantial evidence. All reasonable doubts on the subject were removed by John Taylor's "Junius Identified," published in 1816. Since then the evidence has been accumulating. By 1850 Macaulay, Lord Chancellor Campbell and Lord Stanhope, all of whom had carefully investigated the subject, were convinced of this identity. But the evidence which satisfied them has since then been corroborated by evidence which scarcely leaves anything to be desired. In 1867 the Life of Francis by Messrs. Parkes and Herman Merivale may be said to have supplied every link that was wanting, and in 1871 the Hon. Edward Twisleton's monumental work established beyond the shadow of doubt that the handwriting of Junius is the handwriting of Francis slightly disguised. It was reserved for Sir Philip's grandson Mr. H. R. Francis in his admirable summary of the arguments in favour of his grandfather's claims, published in 1894 under the title of "Junius Revealed," not indeed to discover, but to publish most important collateral corroboration, namely that four out of the five seals used for the sealing of Junius' letters were Sir Philip's own seals. We are speaking within compass when we say that to the circumstantial evidence which identifies Francis

with Junius there is literally no link missing, and that to every argument which has been adduced in support of their duality, the rebutting answer is obvious, full and explicit. Inseparable as shadow from substance is the very marked personality of Francis and that of the author of the Letters, is the correspondence between the principles, the sentiments, the sympathies, the antipathies peculiar to the one and those peculiar to the other, is the correspondence between their movements, between their periods of activity and of cessation from activity. Certainty, we concede, is not possible, but it is a kind of certainty the absence of which causes us very little misgiving in attributing the authorship of "The Tale of a Tub" to Swift and the authorship of the "De Imitatione Christi" to Thomas à-Kempis. The arguments of the Anti-Franciscans, represented by the late Mr. Abraham Hayward and more recently by Mr. Fraser Rae, rest on assumptions some of which are founded on the grossest perversions of fact, others on defiance of what is both reasonable and probable, and others on mere unsupported dogmatism.

But it is time to turn to the two handsome volumes before us. Francis has, we own, always had a fascination for us, quite apart from his association with Junius; indeed we think that no one could follow his career and study his character as they are traced and delineated in Messrs. Parkes and Merivale's biography without being attracted by them. We opened these volumes therefore with eager curiosity, and with every disposition to be grateful for the entertainment promised by them. We closed them, we say with regret not merely with disappointment, but to speak plainly with indignation. We thought what Francis would himself have felt, had he been able to foresee the sort of capital which injudicious descendants would make out of his reputation, that his name would be employed to secure currency for family twaddle which must have ceased to interest those to whom it was addressed six months after it had been committed to paper. To say that what is here printed, in all the dignity of beautiful illustrations and in the best of type, throws no new light on Francis, either as a public or a private man, and that it adds nothing of the smallest value or interest in relation to what is already known of his eminent contemporaries, is perhaps the least of the objections which can be made to this deplorable addition to biographical impertinences. All that is worth reading in it has already been printed in the biography by Parkes and Merivale—a fact which the editors have studiously concealed—and much which has been reprinted is garbled. The volumes have plainly been concocted out of the material which Messrs. Parkes and Merivale very properly rejected as irrelevant and useless. Thus we have Mrs. Francis' journal written for the edification of her husband in India, with no paragraph in it which could by any possibility interest any human soul except themselves. But dreary and trivial as this is, it finds in these respects a rival in another journal kept by her brother Alexander Macrabie with which we are also favoured. With the letters of this gentleman a greater part of the first volume is occupied; we can only hope that Francis and his friends found them more entertaining than we have. Of the letters of Francis himself the only ones worth preserving have been printed by Messrs. Parkes and Merivale; those added here are, almost without exception, mere impertinences.

We have given a greater space to our notice of these volumes than they deserve because we think it a duty to protest against mere book-making in any form, but especially against that form of it which here finds illustration. To present as new what has long been old, and to employ what deserves currency to circulate what does not, is bad enough; but to make an eminent man ridiculous, first by the sacrilegious publication of trivialities intended only for private eyes, and then by making him sponsor for the similar trivialities of others who are not eminent is, in our opinion, not merely a deplorable error of judgment but something very like a breach of trust. If the descendants of Francis wished to honour his memory they would do well to reprint the biography by Messrs. Parkes and Merivale and suppress the present volumes.

THE PROBLEM OF TOLSTOI.

"Tolstoy and his Problems." Essays by Aylmer Maude. London: Grant Richards. 1901. 6s.

IN Mr. Maude's book of 300 pages, exactly half is concerned with Tolstoi and his problems; the other half is concerned with Mr. Maude and his problems. Mr. Maude is a disciple of Tolstoi, and when he ceases to interpret Tolstoi's conclusions he seeks for his own conclusions along similar lines. As an interpreter he is excellent, and his earlier chapters have real value in establishing exactly what Tolstoi has meant by his religious speculations and his moral reforms. The later chapters, on "Right and Wrong," on "War and Patriotism," on "The Doukhobórs," show him to be a simple, honest, intelligent and patient seeker after truth. He is not a profound thinker, and he has nothing new to say: he reminds us of many things which we know almost too well to remember, or which are almost too close to us for us to see.

Of Tolstoi he says rightly: "Tolstoy is no faultless and infallible prophet whose works should be swallowed as bibliolaters swallow the Bible; but he is a man of extraordinary capacity, sincerity, and self-sacrifice, who has for more than twenty years striven to make absolutely plain to all, the solution of some of the most vital problems of existence." Tolstoi is not an abstract thinker, a philosopher by temperament, though he has come finally to have a consistent philosophy of life, not, as with Nietzsche, a mere bundle of intuitions. His mind is logical, and it is also that of a man of action: it goes straight to conclusions, and acts upon them, promptly and humbly. He desires, first of all, to become clear himself, to "save his own soul;" then he will act upon others by the instinctive exercise of his goodness, of what he is, not by some external reform. All his reforms would begin with the head and with the heart; he would "convince" the world of what to him is righteousness, taking it for granted that men will naturally do what they see ought to be done. Thus he has no belief in Socialism or in Anarchism, in any mechanical readjustment of things which is not the almost unconscious result of a personal feeling or conviction. "The work," says Mr. Maude, "to which Tolstoy has set himself is a work to which each of us is also called—it is the establishment on earth of the Kingdom of God, that is, of Truth and Good." To Tolstoi the one question is: What is the purpose of my life? and his answer, explains the interpreter, is this: "The purpose of my life is to understand, and, as far as possible, to do, the will of that Power which has sent me here, and which actuates my reason and conscience." Preferring, as he tells us, to seek goodness "by the head," rather than "by the heart," to begin with the understanding, he has none of the artist's disinterested interest in "problems," as Ibsen, for instance, has. When Ibsen concerns himself with questions of conduct, with the "meaning of life," he has no interest in their solution, only in their development, caring only to track the evil, not to cure it. They are his material, from which he holds himself as far aloof as the algebraist from his x . Now Tolstoi is what he is just because he has been through all this, and has found himself compelled to leave it behind. He is a personality, and the artist in him has never been more than a part of his personality. Tolstoi first lived, then wrote, now he draws the moral from both careers, working upon life itself rather than upon a painting after life. His final attitude is the postscript adding a conclusion to his novels. As a novelist he had kept closer to actual life, to the dust of existence, than any other novelist; so that "Anna Karénina" is perhaps more painful to read than any other novel. It gives us body and soul, and it also gives us the clothes of life, society. There are none of the disguises of the novelist with a style, or of the novelist with a purpose. It is so real that it seems to be speaking to us out of our own hearts and out of our own experience. It is so real because it is the work of one to whom life is more significant than it is to any other novelist. Thus the final step, the step which every novelist, if he goes far enough, may be impelled, by the mere logic of things, to take, is easier, more inevitable for him than for any other. The novelist, more than any other artist, is concerned

directly with life. He has to watch the passions at work in the world, the shipwreck of ideals, the action of society upon man, of man upon society. When he is tired of considering these things with the unimpassioned eyes of the artist, he begins to concern himself about them very painfully: he becomes a moralist. Perhaps he has been one: he becomes a reformer.

And Tolstoi, now that the artist in him has been superseded, has forgotten that art ever existed for him, and seems to take pleasure in denying its reasonable existence for others. "I once asked Tolstoi," says Mr. Maude, quite seriously, "how he accounted for the supreme rank among authors accorded to Shakespeare in Russia and elsewhere. He said he explained it to himself by the fact that the 'cultured crowd' who care for these things have no clear idea of the purpose and aim of life." He has come to think with the Puritans that imagination, divorced from conduct, or from an actually improving intention, is worse than useless, is morally wrong. He has written a book, discussing "What is Art?" from this standpoint, and Mr. Maude has written two essays to explain and defend what Tolstoi means. We have already discussed the theory at some length in these columns, and need not return to it. It is only of importance to note how disinterestedly, here as elsewhere, Tolstoi tries to be consistent, to follow truth into any darkness, so long as he seems to himself to be following the trail of truth.

SIR HENRY COLVILE'S WORK.

"The Work of the Ninth Division." By Major-General Sir H. E. Colvile. London: Arnold. 1901. 10s. 6d.

THE Colvile affair has been exhaustively threshed out both in Parliament and elsewhere; with that we have dealt already. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with merely reviewing this book on its merits without detailed reference to the heated controversy which has raged round the head of its author. In the preface Sir Henry Colvile tells us that "it is no part of the scheme of this book to treat of the matters which have lately been discussed in Parliament, except in so far as they influenced the fate of the division." Nevertheless it is practically impossible to divorce the two issues; and thus we are treated to an elaborate analysis and defence of the author's action at Sannah's Post and Lindley. Certainly it is a most ingenious and able defence, and well worth the study of the impartial man.

As regards the book itself, we may at once say that, as an insight into the phase of the campaign with which it deals, it is an unqualified success. Sir Henry Colvile is of course no novice in the art of writing books. His style throughout is spirited and engaging, and his power of graphic description considerable—qualities which combine to produce a work of absorbing interest. He pays throughout a high tribute to the work done by his staff and brigadiers, and he takes all blame entirely to himself. At the same time, while we make every allowance, it cannot be said that the book enhances one's estimate of the value of the work done by the headquarter staff. Orders and counter-orders by different sections of that body appear to have been of more than usual frequency, and, generally speaking, it must be said that the character of their work once more emphasises the fact that our staff officers require more training in dealing with troops and operations on a large scale. Indeed that some confusion should have arisen is hardly to be wondered at, considering that all, from even Lord Roberts to his "field coronets," were practically ignorant of the staff work of an army corps in the field, which the force under his immediate command in effect was. For some time previous to Sir Henry's recall from South Africa, their method of showing disapproval of his generalship took the form of denuding by degrees his division of troops, while leaving him at the same time a complete divisional staff—surely a somewhat costly and illogical manner of conveying a general disapproval of his proceedings. Indeed the history of this part of the division's work reads like a realistic performance of Haydn's "Farewell Symphony," where all the performers disappear one by

one, and finally leave the conductor alone. While one brigade still formed the division, the absurdity of the position was extreme to a degree. The brigade had a brigadier and a brigade staff, and there was in addition a full divisional staff to look after it. It followed that the divisional staff had to do something, and consequently they practically took charge of the brigade in detail, of necessity leaving to the brigadier and his staff but the most trivial details. As it was, owing largely to the tact displayed on either side, this fruitful source of friction did not produce any. Scattered throughout the book are some very interesting comments on the Boer system of warfare. Master in the art of choosing positions, the Boer rarely leaves them till forced to retire or outflanked; and "he never makes a counter-attack, or having once retired, rallies on the same day." A handful of men, which a European army would contemptuously sweep from its path, is therefore able to hold him in front. At the same time he pays a well-deserved tribute to the dogged pertinacity with which the Boers clung to their posts during the long and "weary days and nights" at Paardeberg; and tells us that "perhaps we are too apt to look upon our own particular brand of courage as the only genuine sort."

ORIEL.

"Oxford University College Histories: Oriel College." By David Watson Rannie. London: Robinson. 1900. 5s. net.

READING in the steps of that most distinguished of living Oriel antiquaries, Dr. Shadwell, Mr. Rannie has carefully traced the early history of his college, and it is through no fault of his that one turns instinctively to those later chapters which record its meteoric brilliancy during the early decades of last century. Its pre-Reformation annals illustrate the growth of the mediæval college as distinguished from the cathedral schools and the monastic establishments. Its rise was typical of that of many of the foundations which took the statutes of Walter de Merton for their model. But it is on the imperishable distinction which for an all too brief period lit up the Oriel Common Room that its renown must ever rest.

The personality of three great provosts, Eveleigh, Coplestone, Hawkins, whose successive tenure of office just exceeded a century (1781-1883) was the causa causans of the commanding position occupied by Oriel, but the peculiarity in the statutes which enabled them to collect within its walls the intellectual flower of the University is well pointed out by Mr. Rannie. Originally "it knew nothing of any obligation to conduct a young student through all the stages of his education from matriculation to his Bachelor's degree." Its members had already their education in the schools of the University, and were met together in college "to pursue their studies towards higher issues and the teaching degrees." It consisted of Fellows as exclusively as does All Souls at the present moment. The Chancellorship of Leicester brought about the change. By his statute of 1581 membership of a college or hall was made essential to the membership of the University, and that monopoly remained unimpaired until the creation of the unattached student in 1871. Oriel was among the first to welcome the "extranei" within its portals and thenceforth a steady stream of commoners makes appearance on the books. But in one most important particular it differed from the surrounding foundations: the statutes made no provision for the privileged class, who as scholars, students, demies or post-masters had elsewhere a preferential claim on the Fellowships as they became vacant. With immaterial exceptions the liberty of choice was unfettered and when Provost Eveleigh made merit and intellect the sole qualification for election the match was laid to the train which has revolutionised Oxford.

The glories of the Oriel Common Room, the searching nature of the test which made admission to it the corrective of the Schools List have been set forth times out of number. The intellectual supremacy of the college under Coplestone and, to a less degree, under Hawkins played no trivial part in the history of the nation and an all-important one in the revival of the

Church of England. Yet from an academic point of view the brilliant days of Oriel were wearing to a close before the Oxford movement had begun. Whately and Arnold were greater men in the sight of the examiners than Hurrell Froude and Newman. It is on the name of Keble that Oriel men of all schools of thought will fasten most fondly as the representative of what is best and most enduring in their records.

It seems an irony of fate that the greatest traditions of the college should have centred round Hawkins rather than round Eveleigh who founded the Honour Schools or Coplestone who, in his own words, left "the Fellows united and the most cordial harmony subsisting." Great as a tutor, his patriarchal dispensation as Provost—it lasted from 1828 to 1882—witnessed a decadence in the fame of the college. To quote Mr. Rannie, he "lived to be superannuated in many respects, and there were in him always veins of pedantry, officialism, and obstinacy, which in days of age and power became uncomfortably prominent and marred his usefulness." The hitherto unchallenged position of Oriel was doomed when the other colleges followed its example and Fellowships were thrown open throughout the University, but Hawkins did nothing to retard the process of decay. His action in removing Newman, Wilberforce and Froude from their tutorships was a blow from which the college never recovered: on the other hand his intense conservatism refused to acknowledge the inevitable consequences of the reforms which he had no small share in promoting. Under him the numbers on the books remained stationary while the march of intellect within the walls scarcely vindicated his policy. The fame which Oriel has acquired in later years has been on a side, that of athleticism, which no one could have accused the old Provost of fostering.

To this branch of his subject Mr. Rannie barely renders justice. For nearly a quarter of a century Oriel has stood pre-eminent in the cricket field and the list of "blues" which he has compiled is but an imperfect record of the triumphs which the college has won. And we find no mention of the fact that in 1881 an Oriel "twelve" was deemed worthy to play a match against the rest of the University, a distinction accorded to an individual college only once before or since—to B. N. C. *consulibus Otarway et Hadow*. We may be pardoned in pointing out in this connexion that A. H. Evans—"clarum et venerabile nomen"—besides being Captain of the University Eleven was Captain not of the Association but of the Rugby Football Team, and also that the highest position on the river attained by the Oriel boat in recent years was fourth in 1874, not fifth in 1876 as Mr. Rannie represents. His Dean might have corrected him, for he held the rudder lines in the former year.

A CENSOR OF GENEALOGY.

"Studies on Peerage and Family History." By J. Horace Round. London: Constable. 1901. 12s. 6d. net.

THE last volume of essays issued by Mr. Round contains as is usual with the author many new and interesting facts, ascertained from the records of the past and stated in clear and forcible language. The author always contrives to find an object to attack and, as a means of impressing his own views and conclusions upon the public, this form of argument has great advantages. When however the subjects dealt with in one volume are many and of different classes and periods, the effect is that of an explosive shell falling into a company of innocent (if ignorant) antiquaries. The studies on the Creation of Peers by Henry VIII., on the Relations of Charles I. and Lord Glamorgan are very valuable contributions to history; those on the Abeyance of the Barony of Mowbray, the succession to the Crown and the origin of the Stewarts contain much ingenious argument; but the articles on the Fieldings, Russells, Spencers and the Peerage generally are to some extent spoilt by the author's animosity against the heralds of the seventeenth century, and against some recent writers on armorial bearings and pedigrees; of these last Mr. Fox Davies and the Editor of Burke's Peerage are

the principal delinquents. The College of Arms is held responsible for the wild statements of the former and the connexion of the latter with an Officer of Arms is dilated upon as the source of a continued publication of seventeenth-century inventions.

The fact is Mr. Round takes genealogy as seriously as he does history. It is in his view as preposterous for a Fielding to believe himself a Hapsburg, or a Russell that he is de Rosel as it was for Mr. Freeman to assert the existence of a palisade at the Battle of Hastings. For our part we cannot regard the finding a pedigree in myth as a moral crime; and we strongly suspect that if every trace of inaccuracy were eliminated from the accounts of our peers' families there would be little left to read. No doubt the Camdens, the Vincents, the Dugdales, &c. invented, or allowed others to invent, illustrious origins for their clients, just as chroniclers invented the numbers of combatants and some of the incidents of battles. We have no objection to the disproof, but no one ever believed the stories, and when a really acute critic and a master of ancient charter work devotes his energy to exploding Burke's Peerage and the non-official work of heralds, we regret the waste of time. On one point we are disposed to agree with Mr. Round. Some kind of public inquiry as to the character of the records in the custody of the heralds might be useful. A larger scope for such an inquiry would be more useful, and it should be open to a commission to consider whether in some respects the jurisdiction of the Earl Marshal should not be made more effective.

The name of Stewart does and always will attract attention. The present essay however relates only to the origin of the name. Mr. Round, when noting for the Government charters preserved in France, collected evidence which proves the connexion of the Stewart ancestors with the seneschalship of the Archdiocese of Dol. This connexion was first suspected by the late Earl of Crawford. It is now proved. A second division of this chapter relates to a family of Steward in the Eastern Counties, who induced the heralds to record their descent from the seneschals of Scotland. This alleged descent, in which Oliver Cromwell is supposed to share (and indeed to be nearer the chiefdom of Stewart than the King he killed), is absolutely false, and Mr. Round, always anxious to trace the origin of a falsehood to its source, offers evidence to show that the delinquent was a Dean of Ely.

Mr. Round's chapter on the Creation of Peers by Henry VIII. goes far to prove that the gradual increase of lay peers was designed with the view of overpowering the Church. It has been commonly believed that the destruction of the monasteries and the assertion of the supremacy of the King were both by implication assented to by the bishops and abbots. Mr. Round shows the reverse to be the fact, and that these measures were only proposed when a numerical superiority of lay peers had been deliberately secured.

The chapters on Charles I. and Lord Glamorgan relate to a very difficult question respecting a minor point in history. After a preliminary tilt with Mr. Gardiner the author indicates the importance of the subject as bearing on the character of the King. It has been alleged as one of the proofs of habitual insincerity that Charles made overtures to the Catholic party in Ireland behind the back of the Viceroy, with the view of obtaining military help, in exchange for promises which he could afterwards repudiate. The accusation rests upon the theory that certain Somerset documents are genuine. Mr. Round examines alleged patents creating the Earl of Glamorgan a Marquis and Duke of Somerset, contemporary with the alleged instructions to treat with the Irish. The reader is forced to conclude that the patents were forged, and therefore that the instructions were probably also forged. It was the age of forgery and it would be interesting to consider how far forgery of this kind conflicted with the moral sense of past ages. It is not possible within our limits of space to consider these matters in detail. Suffice it to say that the greater part of the volume before us, and notably the subjects we have specially mentioned, illustrate the true historical method—that of examining and arguing from original matter, without being unduly influenced by the

speculations of writers, who were often careless, and seldom had the facilities of access now open to all students of history.

MORE COMPANY LAW.

"A Manual of Company Law." By William Frederick Hamilton. Second edition. London : Stevens and Sons Limited. 1901. 21s.

THE Company Act of 1900, if it has left undone much that it ought to have done, has certainly done one thing that might well have been omitted, and that is, produce a very superabundant and over-luxuriant crop of books on company law. Mr. Hamilton's book, the first edition of which appeared in 1891, was originally intended by the author for directors of companies, and treated of the law so far only as it affected their rights, powers, and liabilities. Under the seductive influences of the recent Act Mr. Hamilton has enlarged his work into a complete treatise on the whole law of companies.

A tremendous change has been going on in the legal atmosphere during the last century, of which judges and practising lawyers seem to be less aware perhaps than the outside public, or at any rate they show less intention of accepting and adapting themselves to it. The activity of Parliamentary legislation during the century has meant not only the creation of entirely new departments of legal provision and machinery, such as the network of statutes which have sprung up in connexion with public health and Local Government, but also the absorption of the older common law by statutory enactment. The law of Bills of Exchange or Sale of Goods, which fifty years ago had to be tracked to its lair in volumes of reports to be counted by hundreds is now at large in codifying Acts. The change is not very popular with lawyers : their candid friends will be disposed to ascribe this preference to the innate wickedness of the profession, which is supposed to prefer obscurity to certainty, and bills of costs to a clear rule of law. The reason in the minds of the thinking members of the profession is more creditable, if not so easily apprehended of the majority : a rule of law embodied in cases is malleable, that in an Act of Parliament is cast-iron ; the former can, as circumstances of society continually change, be modified insensibly to fit the new conditions : an Act of Parliament though capable of interpretation in the Courts cannot be seriously extended or altered save by having recourse to another Act. And partly owing to professional distrust the process of transfusion has recently suffered some check ; the Marine Insurance Bill, though before Parliament for several years, is not yet law and seems now hardly likely to become so. But the change has already gone far and it is a pity that the profession do not more readily admit it : lawyers still reserve their chief interest for complications of case law, the judges apply to the interpretation of statutes microscopic examination of a particular section or phrase, and reject with scorn any argument based on the Act as a whole and the idea of the workable scheme it was meant to produce.

With regard to the writing of text-books the newer order of things has also made itself felt : we get now not so much ordered digests of cases, enunciating principles with the authorities to back them, but editions of Acts, section by section with notes to each section in small print. Mr. Justice Buckley in his standard book on company law adopted this principle : Mr. Hamilton on the other hand attempts to follow the older method, and it certainly has its advantages at any rate for those who are not lawyers. The principles are clearly stated in large type and then follow references to the sections of the various Acts and the cases on which those principles are based : this plan no doubt presents more difficulties than the ordinary one of editing Acts section by section but Mr. Hamilton has most certainly made a gallant and on the whole successful attempt to carry out his own scheme : the new Act is, however, too much for him and dealing with that he goes over to the rival method.

The notes on the new Act of 1900 appear to

be correct if somewhat commonplace : they mostly paraphrase the sections and hardly help us with our real difficulties : for instance it is much disputed whether section 23, which requires the auditor to sign "every balance-sheet laid before the company in general meeting," implies that there must be a balance-sheet : it appears to suggest this implication though it does not in terms make the requirement. Mr. Hamilton seems to think a balance-sheet will be necessary but he gives us no direct light on the difficulty : and so with others. Probably he is cautiously waiting for some help from the Court of Appeal and for a further edition.

NOVELS.

"Who Goes There? The Story of a Spy in the Civil War." By B. K. Benson. New York and London : Macmillan. 1900.

In his story of the American Civil War Mr. B. K. Benson, whose name we have not met before, has got hold of a very promising, and practically original, central idea. Stories of temporary loss of memory are, of course, frequent enough, and the notion has, on the stage, become almost a commonplace of farce. But Mr. Benson's hero is a young man who through life has been occasionally subject to such lapses, and, in spite of his idiosyncrasies, is chosen by the Federal commanders to do work first as a scout and then as a spy. He has lived in the South, and is therefore a particularly useful spy. Unfortunately a wound received while he is in the midst of the Confederate forces, disguised in Confederate uniform, brings on one of his lapses : on his recovery from the wound he has forgotten all about the war and his part in it, and takes his place in the Confederate ranks. When he recovers his memory, he has to face a very difficult moral problem, which does not appear to trouble him much. His faith unfaithful does not keep him falsely true, and so he marries a very uninteresting girl, which, as he is a terrible prig and a good deal of a bore, is satisfactory. The account of scouting is very minute, and includes some exciting episodes, but the story is far too prolix, and a mysterious personage of the Mr. Isaacs type is somewhat out of keeping with the homely realism of the book. In fact Mr. Benson, though his work is not uninteresting, fails to live up to the central idea. The novel is serious as only an American novel can be.

"A Missing Hero." By Mrs. Alexander. London : Chatto and Windus. 1901. 6s.

There is no particular reason why Mrs. Alexander's Missing Hero should have disappeared from England, and, had the author known it, there is every reason why he should not have chosen South Africa as his hermitage. For the descriptions of scenery and sport afford such a blend of the veld and the tropics as to suggest that Mrs. Alexander looks at Africa through the small end of a telescope. Considerable pains has evidently been taken with the "local colour," and real and imaginary Kaffir words are freely used, but her research has taught her little about such matters as the construction of farmhouses, and has left her with the conviction that the Boers speak German! These minor points are irritating blemishes in a pleasant story, told with quiet humour, wherein all the characters except the villain are natural human beings. The globe-trotting younger son, who cannot hit a haystack, but whose abler travelling companion kills big game and writes a book of sporting achievements in the name of his employer, is a pleasing person to meet, and the heroine is sympathetically drawn.

"Prince Rupert the Buccaneer." By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. London : Methuen. 1901. 6s.

A simple story of adventure simply told deserves to be tried by a lenient literary standard, while in Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and certain passages of Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" the adventurous motive has been treated with a skill that need not fear the most rigorous. Such a book as the present however, which recalls with no tinge of originality the general substance of those narratives and even imitates at times the more obvious characteristics of Stevenson's phraseology, is merely that corruption of the best which is

worst of all. The story, which gives an account of certain presumptive adventures of Prince Rupert in West Indian seas, is put into the mouth of the girl who accompanied him disguised as his "secretary" (a sufficiently farcical official title considering the work in hand), and with little enough success. Mr. Hyne's most individual handiwork is the Wardour Street phraseology, with its parbucking and megrims and black-avised Inquisitors. The use of the term "to kow-tow" by a secretary of the Protectorate is an eccentricity surprising even in its general environment.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Alfred the Great." By Warwick H. Draper. London: Elliott Stock. 1901.

We welcome heartily all sound and entertaining books on Alfred the Great. If Mr. Draper's book has not quite the charm of Mr. Frederick Conybeare's, it is all the same bright and readable. Who can tire of the battle scenes of Asser, of the beautiful, sun-clear pictures of the childhood and manhood of this king among saints and saint among kings? Mr. Draper has provided a useful and new feature in a kind of Alfred bibliography, but we question whether he is quite fair in describing Judge Hughes' "Alfred the Great" as diffuse. The Bishop of Hereford remarks in his short preface: "In our English education we can hardly be said to have made sufficient use of the biographies of great and good men; and it may even be doubted whether we have fully realised the value to a people of heroes like Alfred, who so attractively represent the noblest elements of character."

"The Dunbar Anthology : " "The Cowper Anthology." Edited by Professor Arber. London: Frowde. 1901. 2s. 6d. each.

These form the first and the tenth and concluding volume of the British Anthologies which Professor Arber has undertaken to select and arrange. The venture is described as the "first adequate attempt that has ever been made towards an historical national Anthology at popular prices." We cannot quite see the force of calling a book a Cowper Anthology which includes a number of poems entirely dissimilar to any work of Cowper's. And why should Pye be called "Pye, M.P.; P.L." and Wordsworth "Wordsworth P.L." and Warton "Warton, B.D.; P.L."? If it were necessary thus to render the poets their honours, Sheridan ought not to have been shorn of his.

"Glimpses of Three Nations." By G. W. Steevens. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1901. 6s.

Why have these odds and ends been served up in book form? We are told in the preface that the chapters on London are published because Mrs. Steevens was pressed to publish some letters her husband wrote on Paris and Germany. "I thought it well to add those concerning the city he loved so well and knew so thoroughly." The explanation is not satisfactory. Here are the first few sentences of the opening article on London: "You know London?" asked the taskmaster. "London," I answered; "why of course I do. I've lived in London." Then can you tell me —what nobody else seems to be able to do—why London is so enormous, and always increasing?" "You see," I answered idiotically, "I've been away in India. No, I'm hanged if I can. What do they all do?" Mr. Steevens, we are told, intended his magnum opus to be an account of London. The desire to see exposed every scrap of work done by a brilliant man—and Steevens was that—after he is dead is almost as deplorable in our view as the curiosity which led Trelawny hastily to pull the shroud off the body of Byron and examine his club foot. It does seem a real pity that Mrs. Steevens has been led away by the advice of indiscreet friends.

"Grasses." (Cambridge Natural Science Manuals.) By H. Marshall Ward. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1901. 6s.

Our farmers might with advantage pay more attention to the many different species of British grasses that grow in field and wood, by the wayside and on the wild downs. It is, we think, quite likely that some kinds of nutritive grasses, which could easily be cultivated and which would be much relished by sheep and other cattle, are at present neglected. There was a time, and that not in the remote past, when several of the excellent clovers which in these June days are making beautiful much agricultural land otherwise tame and colourless, were unknown to the farmer: and grasses are much more likely to be passed over than clovers. Besides, the grasses, in spite of their unobtrusive beauty and the ingenious devices by which they sow themselves, are much overlooked by those who care for plant life for its beauty and interest. One so often hears people who can give off-hand with ease the names of almost any flower or fern, say they know absolutely nothing of the grasses or mosses. Mr. Ward's text-book is stiff, painfully stiff in parts, and we could have wished for a little more homely information about the virtues and beauties of the different species. We fear moreover the beginner will have great diffi-

culty in finding out the names of grasses by such descriptions as are given. He will have to turn to Sowerby most probably, and having done that he will not be tempted overmuch to come back to Ward.

"In Arcady and Out." By Oliver Madox Hueffer. London: Johnson. 1901. 3s. 6d.

It would be easy to call these slight sketches either dainty or silly. They take the form of symbolic fairy tales of which the texture is more valuable than the form. The glimpses of Arcadia are alternated with views of London life; and the effect of contrast is not altogether an advantage, for in such tales the atmosphere is everything. Taken separately, each of the sketches shows a light and artistic touch; but Mr. Hueffer did better work in his "Love's Disguises."

In the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for 1 June M. Bazin continues "Les Oberlé," his study of peasant life in Alsace. M. de la Sizeranne contributes one of his witty and charming essays on modern art; he takes for his text the effect of endeavouring to treat our modern dress in sculpture and comes to the conclusion that it is the head alone which should be represented, as it is the mind and not the body of the subject we wish to commemorate. "It is not necessary," he reminds us, "that every great man should have a statue, but it is necessary that the public taste should not be perverted by the grotesque but irremovable apparitions that are accumulating in our cities." And yet no Englishman can visit France without deplored the statues of his native land. Clearly what we want is not clothed bodies but "nude souls;" but how are we to get them? M. Vandal continues his masterly account of Buonaparte's conquest of Paris and gives a thrilling picture of the effect of Marengo. M. de Vogüé has a brilliant but somewhat thin criticism of Mr. Bodley's French rendering of his "France."

REVIEWS FOR JUNE.

"British Pessimism" is the title of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's article in the "Nineteenth Century," and it might stand for the general description of a considerable number of the contributions in the June reviews. In the "Fortnightly" there is Lt.-Col. Willoughby Verner's able and well-informed account of the Mediterranean danger on which we commented last week. In the "Monthly Review" Sir John Colomb deplores the differences between the War Office and the Admiralty as to the garrisoning of coaling stations. "The teachings of history and the strong British common sense of which we boast are alike unheard amid the clash of conflicting departmental interests and the noisy demands of the multitude outside crying for submarine boats and mounted infantry at home!" He advocates "a true Imperial policy" which "would reinforce simultaneously naval power on the Pacific and the Atlantic." In the "Contemporary" there is a second article by the author of "Drifting," on "The Economic Decay of Great Britain"—a decay which he finds in every department of our national life, from shipbuilding to the Stock Exchange. He is a master of sweeping generalisation, and assures us that if the Stock Exchange Committee were to act on their knowledge 90 per cent. of the members of the Stock Exchange would be suspended. In the "National Review" an anonymous contributor explains how Germany has got ahead of us in the matter of the Bagdad railway and suggests that not Russia but Germany is the power with which we may have to dispute our right to India. Curiously enough "Calchas" in the "Fortnightly" concludes his observations on "Russia and her Problem" by stating that Russia is beginning to realise that not England but Germany is "l'ennemi." The lugubrious speculations of other writers are to some extent summed up in an article by "An Old Parliamentary Hand" in the "National" demanding industrial, military, naval and diplomatic changes which will restore England to her pride of place among the nations. The picture is relieved by Mr. Morgan Browne, who in the "Contemporary" shows that his fellow-contributor has tripped in regard to certain details, and seeks to prove that we are not decaying. It is a pity that carelessness in the handling of statistics on the part of the author of "Drifting" should afford Mr. Browne an opportunity for disproof in certain details which prejudices the whole case and will lull any misgivings on the part of optimists who are eager to believe that there is no cause for anxiety. Mr. Carnegie sets forth both sides of the picture, and proceeds to disprove the figures on which the pessimist relies. If his article serves to emphasise the point taken in our article this week on "The Meaning of Imperialism," it will do some good, but when Mr. Carnegie elects to answer the question Is British foreign trade declining? we feel that he is merely misleading. "The question," he says, with an air of profundity which the matter hardly warrants, "has two parts, which disputants usually ignore. Exports are one branch, imports another; the former has decreased *per capita*, and the latter increased. The two combined show that British foreign trade is not declining." Obviously on these terms a man has only to add an ever-swelling expenditure to a stationary income to prove that he is not growing poorer. The thing is absurd. Mr. Carnegie has made his fortune, and America is romping forward largely at our expense, under very different economical conditions from those which

obtain in Great Britain, and after reading his article we appreciate more fully the point of a paragraph in the "Contemporary" paper in which the author of "Drifting" says that by far the greater number of successful American business men bear not German names but British. Much of our trouble is traced to the deficiencies of our education system. The efforts of the Government to amend these in the new Education Bill are severely criticised by Sir Charles Elliott in the "Empire Review," by Mr. Lyulph Stanley in the "Contemporary," by Mr. E. Gray in the "Fortnightly" and Mr. Macnamara in the "Nineteenth Century."

Army reform and South Africa are perhaps rather less in evidence in the reviews than they have been of late. There are two articles on our military needs both of which contain an element of surprise. In the "Nineteenth Century" Sir Robert Giffen gives "a business estimate," and does not shrink appalled at the idea of conscription. He urges however that conscription if necessary at all should apply to home needs, and the voluntary system should be maintained for the army which is to be sent abroad. A more perverse way of looking at the matter could not well be imagined in considering the needs of an Empire such as the British. The second article is Lord Newton's in the "National" and is a plea for conscription. Captain W. E. Cairnes in the "Contemporary" has a good word to say for the auxiliary forces, but he makes it clear that unless they are enrolled on the condition that they serve abroad in times of emergency they are not suited to Imperial requirements. In the "Nineteenth" Mr. A. H. Lee has a postscript to the Army debate urging the Government frankly to recognise market conditions in the matter of the soldiers' pay. If Sir Robert Giffen's estimate that we could well afford to pay £40,000,000 a piece for the Army and the Navy be correct, the pay question ought not to be a stumbling block. Eighty millions a year is, however, a sum which will quicken the agitation in favour of some further contribution from the Colonies to the cost of Imperial defence—a suggestion which Sir John Colomb supports in the "Monthly." A link between the army and the South African question is afforded by Linesman's brilliant paper in "Blackwood's" describing the battle of Vaal Krantz—"perhaps the most picturesque battle ever fought; also the most ridiculous tactically." In the "Fortnightly" Mr. E. B. Iwan-Muller deprecates the "false analogies" drawn between the South African colonial system and the Canadian and Australian, and warns us not to think of imposing ready-made constitutional clothes of the approved British colonial pattern on South Africa. Mr. Sydney Brooks in the "National" also has a warning to utter—on the language question. A dual arrangement, he has little difficulty in proving, may ultimately involve consequences for which we are not prepared. Another delicate question is that of the religion of the Boers, and in the "Nineteenth" the Canon of Grahamstown Cathedral shows how much tact will be required on the part of the Anglican clergyman to clear the minds of the Boers of the idea that the Bible has not been banished from the religion of the conquerors of their country.

The "Fortnightly" prints two articles on the relations of France and England which merit attention, the first by Baron de Coubertin on the conditions of Franco-British peace—the conditions being the slightly obvious ones of not taking too unfriendly a view of each other's doings and not coveting each other's possessions—the other by Mr. Thomas Barclay, who advances arguments in favour of a general treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and France on the lines of the abortive scheme drawn up for adoption between England and the United States. Obligatory as the scheme would be, it would not be "in the nature of a Utopian attempt to afford a substitute for war, which will always remain the ultima ratio of peoples, when all other means of solution have failed." Baron de Coubertin and Mr. Barclay both appeal to reason in international relations: so does Mr. H. C. Thomson in the "Monthly Review" when he urges that "self-interest as well as humanity" now demands that Great Britain in China should adopt not the German policy of vengeance but the Japanese-American policy of forbearance and assistance. Mr. Thomson writes in the "Contemporary" on the difficulties of the missionary question. "First the missionary, then the Consul, then the gunboat" is the Chinaman's summing-up of the matter as it presents itself to him. In Mr. Thomson's opinion the opportunity for proselytism "is unequalled, for the Chinese for several centuries have been in a state of utter religious indifference."

Of miscellaneous contributions there are several of special interest. Mr. W. L. Courtney in his own review has a charming "Sonnet of Revolt" and Mr. Arthur Symons criticises the criticisms of Mr. Churton Collins. In the "Nineteenth Century" Lord Curzon explains what has been done and is to be done in connexion with the Queen Victoria Memorial Hall in India, and the Hon. Mrs. Chapman gives "Some Real Love Letters" in the course of an essay on that romantic personality Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, the friend of d'Alembert and sometime companion of Horace Walpole's friend Madame du Deffand. "Blackwood" contains an amusing, pseudo-scientific study on noses, and the characteristics of the possessors of different styles in different countries. It is well to know that the House of Lords is, in nasal matters, at least, a

thoroughly representative body. In the "Monthly Review" the editor describes "The Romance of a Song-book"—the song-book of Wenceslas of Bohemia—and Miss Mary Cholmondeley gives some amusing specimens of the art of advertising—an art which she says is still in its infancy. To turn to the lighter magazines, we find in "Macmillan's" a not unnecessary protest against the ways of certain novelists, who apparently seek to be everything but natural in their use of words. In the "Century" ex-President Cleveland starts a series of articles on the Venezuelan question and in "Scribner's" Mr. Henry Norman continues his series on Russia, dealing this month with Finland.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Das Lebende Bild und andere Geschichten. Von Adolf Willbrandt. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger. 1901. M. 3.

This is a noteworthy book, if not a long one. Quantity is often not quality; and it is precisely over quality that one loves to linger. At a time when so-called criticism is occasionally rudeness without reasoning, and the peddling of a pedagogue with a scholar whose superiority of perception his undisguised itches to suppress, we may be pardoned for devoting a considerable space to four short stories, which are in fact psychological studies of a very high and striking order, at once creative and analytical; studies indeed such as, since Balzac's (whose method they adopt and whose insight they almost rival) we have not been privileged to read. They are at all times rare. The average modern "short story" is constantly, even at its best, a mere snapshot—a peep at the insignificant; whereas the stories before us are big things done in little—miniatures of Nature which are worth all the little things, done large and largely vaunted, in the world. The author of "Meister Amor" has here shown himself a master of his material and of the style in which he handles it. The book opens with the narrative which names it—"The Living Picture." It is a study of two worlds, outer and inner: the modern world of frivolity and movement, at once restless and aimless; the old world of thoughtful tranquillity and earnest purpose. Julius Hochfeld and his much younger wife Clotilde have a daughter, Luise, who unites the stern simplicity of her father to the softer sympathy of her mother. Clotilde cannot endure the dull routine of their squire's life and is constantly in the Villa Viola near Dresden where a round of "up-to-date" diversions and clever triflers, "whom folly pleases, and whose follies please," detain her. She insists on the companionship of the daughter, which the father resents and deplores. A nephew is the accidental means of the family reunion. Clotilde discovers her mistake and finds her happiness once more at home. But this bare recital gives no idea of the subtle charm which pervades the story, its delicate shades of feeling and of impulse, and the moonlight, as it were, that shimmers over the whole. The "Tableaux Vivants" that crown the pleasures of the villa and the crisis of the story bring her and her daughter romantically to reconciliation in the attire of pilgrims. We subjoin a speech of the husband to the wife. "Now, I fear"—"What?" "That what only youth enhances will abide with you; what no more adorns you, but, forgive me, will make you a laughing-stock if it pursues you to old age. Yet, it possesses you like passion, as it does so many another woman on the boundary-line of youth, in the critical years of transition—this desire to remain young at any cost; to sparkle and enjoy . . ." "No!" rejoined Clotilde bitterly . . . with drawn lips. "Eternal Ash-Wednesday, that is your motto. For, alas! the converse fate has been yours. You are calm before your time, old and cold, tired of mankind, shy of the world, buried in your books, your plants, your thoughts." But the succeeding study "The Murderer" is even more convincing in its natural horror, than this in its pensive dreaminess: it opens a window on the soul with abrupt suddenness. Ruland, an elegant savant, has just concluded a brilliant lecture on the moral idealism of the German people. His distinguished friends throng round him with congratulations and a sort of symposium follows which beginning with the national conceptions of duty, ends in pronouncing the power of silence a feature of the German character. The conversation then passes to undetected crimes and crimes undetected through this very power of silence. As Ruland quits the circle, one of the group tells the rest that Ruland's own sister, now happily married, played ten years before her part in a tragedy. Her first husband was mysteriously assassinated at Kissingen, by whom no one has ever discovered, though from the rising of valuables, robbery was supposed to be the motive. Ruland goes out alone, pondering the double elements in man, drops his air of diplomacy and suddenly decides to visit his mistress, Sabine, a beautiful and voluptuous but also an intellectual woman. Their interview is to our mind a masterpiece. She has been at the lecture and has smiled inwardly to think that while the great ladies there applauded, she alone possessed the heart of the hero of the hour. And yet how strange her moods! Can he, Ruland, believe that her warm and kindly nature once quickened into a thirst for blood? Yet so it was, with vengeance as the motive. A previous

(Continued on page 748.)

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lover, the ruiner of her life, drove her to it: in one fierce moment her grip was on his throat; luckily it failed; but she then realised what lurked within her; nay, more, she praised herself and would praise another who, under like injustice, would dare as much. Gradually, and with impulse half-repressed he gives himself away and discloses the story of his own crime. A favourite sister maltreated by a low drunkard, avenged after remonstrance, after delay, in one fell swoop by his own secret hand. " . . . You are strangely quiet. You are not afraid?" She shook her head. "Of what are you thinking? why so deeply silent?" She gazed into his eyes with a long, curious look of destiny; thus he felt it. Her soft hands lay on his shoulders; her straying fingers stopped there, stroking them lightly. Something new sprang into her face that he did not understand. With it he could watch a thought forming, hardly noticeable yet very plain; above all, most mysterious. "Of what are you thinking?" he asked again. After a while she opened her lips. "Marry me," she said. . . . She said no more; it was as if her eyes spoke. "See now, how it stands. Say what you will, after this we are comrades for ever. You belong to me. I have you, but I will never set you at liberty; so marry me." Cold sweat bursts over him, him "the harmonic." "Marry you, I will kill you." As if already struck by his fist she sank on her knees, over her bent head she spread her fingers; all, in a moment. "Let me live," she cried. It was a helpless, half-stifled cry; but it brought Ruland to his legs. There he stood as years before, the semblance of one who wished to kill. "Let me live," cried his victim. Only the knife was lacking to his hand; horror made him quake; he opened his clenched fist and closed his eyes. Sabine saw it and sprang up. With a few steps she was forth to her room; he heard the bolt of her door; he heard the key in the lock." Dazed and appalled he goes forth to the river-side, kills himself as he had killed his brother-in-law, drops himself into the stream as he had dropped him all that time ago. Deliverance at last—deliverance from that under- and inner-self which had never really set him free! The next of these stories, "Two Diaries," is admirably handled. They are designedly written as records of naked truth alone: the man's that of the fleshly, the woman's that of the sentimental egoist. He, looking on love as a war where man is born to conquer; she, "as a game of tennis with the racquet of feeling." At the summit of hopes that half-reconcile him to marriage, he loses all because she reads his confessions regarding her. And, finally, we have "The Judgment of Paris," a piece of gay romance in an atmosphere of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." It is the comedy of a man who has adored the mother of three charming daughters when he was twelve and she was twenty-two. He meets the whole family when he is thirty-five, but can find only a third of their mother in each. Altogether this is a book to refresh such as despair of seeing modern life presented with force and with fancy, with lightness as well as depth.

Ma: ein Porträt. Von Lou Andreas-Salomé. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger. 1901. M. 25.

The portrait is that of a pathetically self-sacrificing mother; the frame is lower middle-class life at Moscow; the tone is grey and subdued. Ma adores and is adored by her two daughters. Both are earnest students and wish to be professors of jurisprudence; considering the dulness of their desire, they are singularly attractive young women. But their ambitions lead the mother who supports them, and whom they adore without insight, to deprive herself of every gleam of selfish happiness including a marriage with the strong friend on whose judgment she leans. It is well drawn, but the colouring is in no relation to the theme. Bädeker has merely been pressed into the service of the emotions.

Reallexicon der indogermanischen Altertumskunde. Von O. Schrader. Zweiter Halbband. Strasburg: Verlag v. Karl Trübner. 1901. M. 13.

This second instalment of "The Groundwork for Culture and Folklore" brings the work to page 1048. It forms, as it were, a botany of the growths of comparative philology, giving under typical words their genesis, affinities, and relations. It is learned, thorough, and interesting. But it is obviously not a cheery book for the family circle.

Beiträge zu einer Kritik der Sprache. Von Fritz Mauthner. Erster Band. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1901. M. 12.

This is another and a most interesting work of importance. It deals with the psychology of language and the language of psychology; and one of its mottoes is "Homo non intelligendo fit omnia." That language is the summary of human brain-processes is developed with infinite ingenuity and application; the style too is unusually lively. The author, for instance, commenting on the superficial view of language as a work of art declares that "Some regard it as a smooth meadow, others as an old temple, the rest as a portrait of their aunt."

The *Deutsche Rundschau* for June contains an article on fresh Letters from Heine to Christiani which will be completed in July and which we must deal with then in their entirety. It contains also an interesting review of Mr. Frith's "Cromwell."

For This Week's Books see page 750.

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ESTATE, FINANCE & MINES CORPORATION.

THE ordinary general meeting of the Estate, Finance and Mines Corporation, Limited, was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., on Wednesday, Mr. C. A. O. Bain (Chairman of the company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. G. T. Ware) read the notice calling the meeting.

The Chairman said it was gratifying to him to preside this year in consequence of the very much better position in which the company was placed, and he felt confident they would all be quite satisfied that the period under review was one which had shown a gratifying result after a year of hard work and great difficulty. He could not say very much they did not know about the situation in Johannesburg. There was one thing quite certain to those who know the country—that after the war is over there will be a very great enhancement in value of property there and in South Africa generally. To all appearances Johannesburg was going to be a centre of commercial activity in South Africa, and that being so, he thought the value of their assets there should increase, and, at any rate, they should get a very good return for the money invested there. Under the new régime he thought men would take their families there and would be content to settle and live in the country, not only to make money, but for the purpose of establishing a home for themselves and their children. Having said a few words about the estate companies in England, concerning which there was not very much change since last year, he turned to the mining estates in South Africa. He thought negotiations with regard to the Horsham Monitor Syndicate were practically certain to give them a very good profit on their investment. In regard to their other interests in Rhodesia, they had got the Buluwayo Estate and Trust Company and the firm of Napier and Weir. The latter was a commercial concern, but the stock had been sold, and they were now left with only the landed property; but he thought landed property in Rhodesia would improve in value as the country was opened up under ordinary conditions. Of course, they heard a good deal about the Chartered Company, but he must say that he had not had much practical benefit from the operations of the Chartered Company. They were very courteous; they agreed to anything, though they did not promise anything definitely. They could only hold their assets, and when the improvement which will take place out there and the increased demand for property occurred, he thought there was no doubt they would reap considerable benefit. With regard to Australia, the general tenor of the reports was highly encouraging. As to the Kamfersdam Mines, Limited since the report was issued certain alterations had been made by which they benefit. As regards the profit and loss account, the figures this year were £7,500 against £5,500 last year, or a saving of more than £7,000. Having pointed out that savings had been effected in connection with directors' fees, rent, and wages, the Chairman proceeded:—"On the credit side you will notice that there is an amount of interest, £5,364. Now, under a proclamation of ex-President Kruger, you were not entitled to claim any interest for bonds on properties which existed in the Transvaal. Had we been able to do so, and had we been able to get the interest on our bonds, we should have received an additional sum of between £6,000 and £7,000, which would have given us a profit of £11,000 or £12,000, and have enabled us to declare a small dividend." He moved:—"That the directors' report, together with the balance-sheet and profit and loss account, laid upon the table and in relation to which the report of the auditors has been read to the meeting, be received and adopted."

Mr. A. Derouet (director), in seconding the resolution, said he fully believed that brighter prospects were in store for them.

Mr. Marks urged up on the Board the realisation of the English assets with a view to employing the money in South Africa. Every shareholder ought to encourage the man at the wheel—Mr. Bain—and personally he heartily supported the policy of the Board.

The Chairman, in reply to questions, said that it was too early for him to say anything about dividends. He hoped, however, that within twelve months or thereabouts after the time when unrestricted traffic between Johannesburg and Cape Town prevailed, they would be able to make a distribution. The average value of the Kamfersdam diamonds was 35s.

Mr. Condor agreed that the shareholders must wait for better and more peaceful times before expecting a full return upon their capital.

The resolution for the adoption of the report and accounts was then submitted to the meeting and carried unanimously.

JAMES NELSON & SONS, LIMITED.

THE tenth ordinary general meeting of the shareholders of James Nelson & Sons, Limited, was held on Tuesday at 77 Throgmorton Avenue, E.C., Mr. William Nelson, J.P. (Chairman of the company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Philip Holmes) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said the balance-sheet showed the satisfactory fact that, although they were doing a largely increased volume of business, their stocks in Great Britain and abroad were only some £3,000 more than they were the preceding year, while the debts due to the company were some £2,000 less. The directors had always borne in mind the extension of the business in the retail department, and whenever opportunity offered they extended the same, and by so doing, not alone did they add to the immediate profits of the company, but to a very appreciable extent safeguarded it against the fluctuations that all mercantile undertakings were more or less subject to. They had found it necessary during the year to make further provision for the slaughter of cattle in South America. The quality of the beef had improved so much as to create a good and permanent demand for it here. It gave great satisfaction to wholesale customers, and the reports from their retail establishments, and through them from the consumer, justified them in any expenditure that had been incurred to provide for the increasing demand for Argentine beef. All the boats they had under charter were now specially fitted for bringing over chilled beef. It might be said that the volume of their business was very rapidly increasing, but not more rapidly than the demand for their products from the Argentine. With reference to this increase in business, he might now say that they were practically at the end of their capital expenditure, and for the time being possessed a complete plant and ample buildings in South America. With regard to the disposal of the balance of profit and loss, the directors proposed a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. on all classes of shares, 3 per cent. of which had already been distributed, and proposed to transfer £40,000 from profit and loss, thereby increasing the reserve fund to £60,000. After referring to the assistance rendered by the officials of the company both here and in South America to keep the company in its satisfactory condition, he concluded by moving the adoption of the report and balance to the 29th December, 1900.

Mr. George Harris seconded the motion and congratulated the shareholders on the fact that the Board had been able to strengthen the position of the company by building up a substantial reserve.

Mr. Lewis Peake and Mr. P. Mosditchian considered £40,000 an excessive amount to place to the reserve fund.

Mr. J. Anderson thought the Board had done wisely in securing, so to speak, a continuity of dividends to the ordinary shareholders. He would prefer to have a regular 6 per cent. than to have 12 per cent. one year and nothing the next. He entirely endorsed the conservative policy of the Board, and he believed that the balance-sheets of the past two or three years were the best guarantees the shareholders could have that the directors were doing their best in the interests of the company.

After some further remarks from the Chairman, the motion was then put and carried unanimously.

The Chairman next moved that the dividends at the rate of 6 per cent. per

annum be paid on the first and second preference shares and on the ordinary shares, and the motion was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Walter Bleasdale, the retiring director, was re-elected, and Messrs. Turquand, Youngs & Co. were re-appointed auditors.

Mr. John Morris proposed, and Mr. W. A. Arnold seconded, a vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors, remarking that great credit was due to them for the excellent results which had been achieved during the past year. The motion was carried unanimously.

The Chairman having moved a vote of thanks to the staff in South America and in England, which was cordially received, the proceedings terminated.

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